

Copyright © 2016 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Palazzo Mondadori, Via Mondadori 1, 20090 Segrate, Italy. International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A. English translation © 2017 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

GERONIMO STILTON names, characters, and related indicia are copyright, trademark, and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All rights reserved. The moral right of the author has been asserted. Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami. www.geronimostilton.com

Published by Scholastic Inc., *Publishers since 1920*, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association. For more information, go to www.stiltoncheese.com.

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted, downloaded, decompiled, reverse engineered, or stored in or introduced into any information storage and retrieval system, in any form or by any means, whether electronic or mechanical, now known or hereafter invented, without the express written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, please contact Atlantyca S.p.A., Via Leopardi 8, 20123 Milan, Italy; e-mail foreignrights@atlantyca.it, www. atlantyca.com.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data available

e-ISBN 978-1-338-08881-6

Text by Geronimo Stilton Original title *Decimo Viaggio nel Regno della Fantasia* Cover by Silvia Bigolin (design) and Christian Aliprandi (color) Illustrations by Silvia Bigolin, Carla De Bernardi, Alessandro Muscillo, Federico Brusco, and Piemme's Archives. Color by Christian Aliprandi. Graphics by Marta Lorini

Special thanks to AnnMarie Anderson Translated by Andrea Schaffer Interior design by Kay Petronio

First edition, July 2017





Geronimo Stilton

I am a bestselling author, and I run The Rodent's Gazette, the most famouse newspaper on Mouse Island. I often travel to the Kingdom of Fantasy to help Queen Blossom. This is my tenth visit!



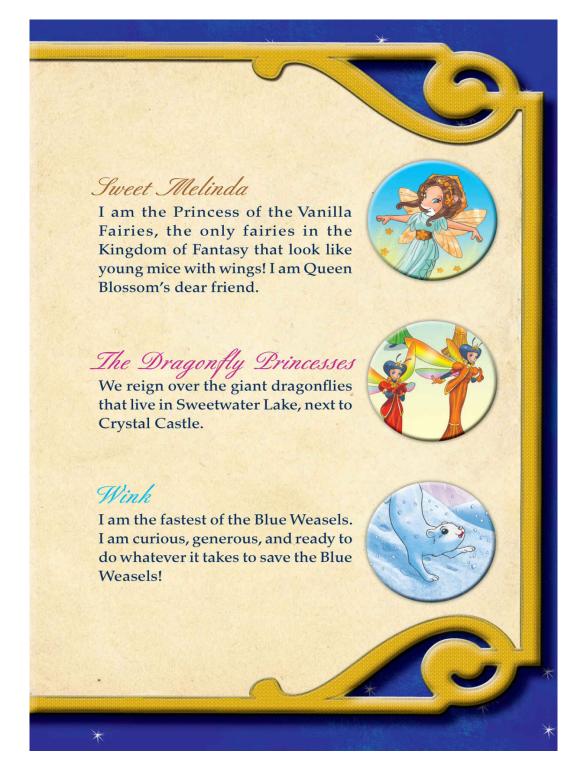
Scribblehopper

I am Geronimo's guide on his visits to the Kingdom of Fantasy. I am a chatty frog with a big heart. I dream of writing a bestselling book someday!



Blossom

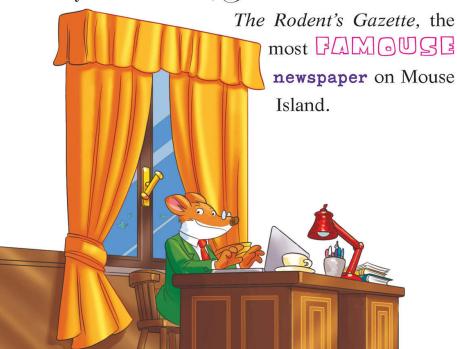
I am known as the Queen of the Fairies, the White Queen, and the Lady of Peace and Happiness. I hope to unite the world in love, light, and harmony.





It was a gloomy Friday afternoon in New Mouse City. The weather was **DAMP** and **Cold**, and I was holed up in my office, hard at work.

Oops, I'm sorry! I haven't introduced myself yet. My name is Stilton, *Gevonimo Stilton*! I run





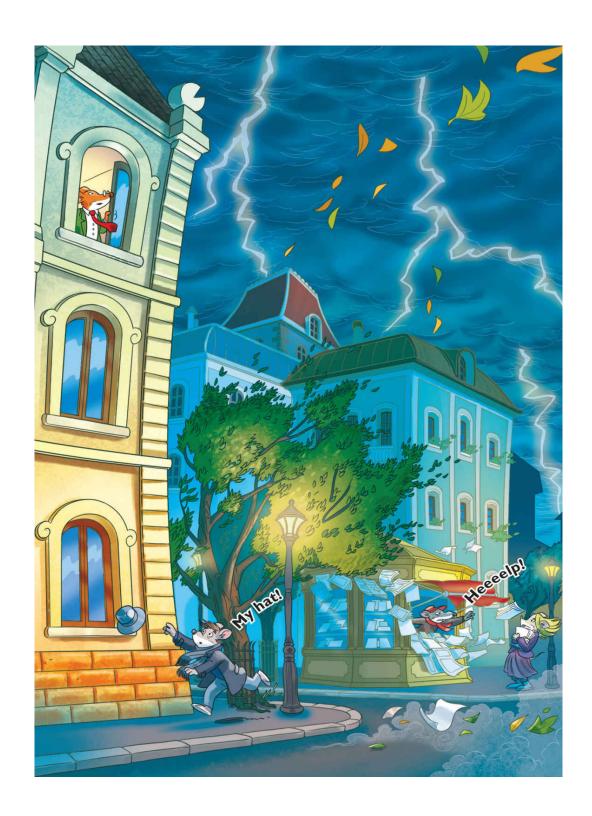
Anyway, as I was saying, I was in the office and a **thunderstorm** was brewing. The wind was **blowing** so hard it rattled the windows and bent the branches of the trees. For a second, I thought I heard a strange voice outside:

Kniiight! Kniiight! Kniiight! Kniiight! Kniiight! Kniiight! Kniiight! Kniiight! Kniiight!

I ran to look out the window, but all I saw were rodents **SCURRYING** to get indoors. **Now strange!** It was probably all in my imagination. Or it could have been just the sound of the **SCURRYING**...

I worked until the late afternoon, while the sky grew darker and more threatening. In the distance, I heard the booming of **thunder**. Then suddenly, the door to my office flew open!

Someone dressed in a BLACK jacket, a fluttering red silk cape, and a top hat



shaped knob at the end. He wore a black MASK over his snout, and in his right paw, he carried a small crystal bottle full of a sparkling red liquid. Behind him, he pulled a red, velvet-lined COFFIN on wheels. But the most TERRIFYING thing about this mysterious rodent was that he had fangs just like a vampire!

"Aaaaaahhhh!" I screamed.

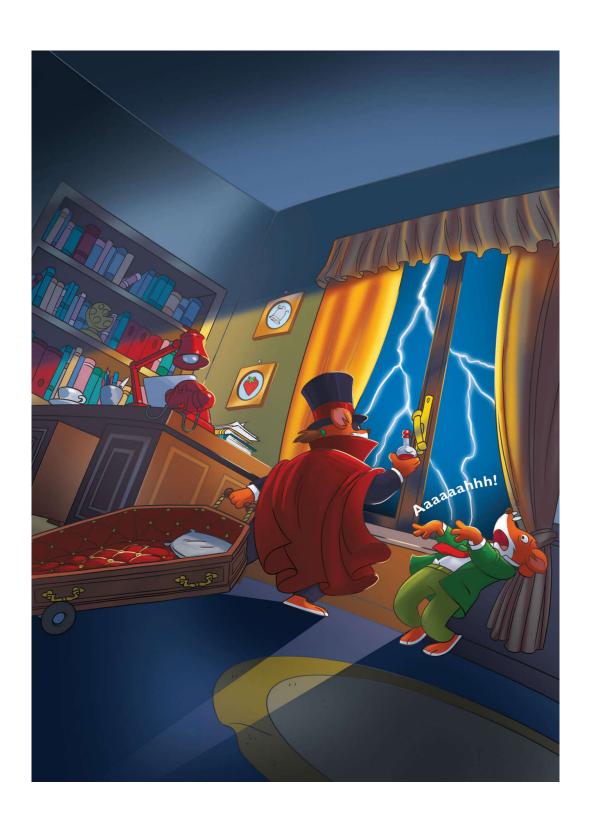
I turned as pale as mozzarella. I'm not brave at all . . . In fact, I'm a real scaredy-mouse!

Then a bolt of lightning TIT the room.

A second later, the lights went out!

Before I fainted from fright, the mysterious mouse giggled.

"Geronimo, you really are easy to fool," the mouse said.



It was only then that I recognized his voice. I looked more closely and saw that the recognized were made of plastic. Furthermore, the mouse's paw was on the light switch. The lights hadn't gone out — he had FITCHED them off!

"You're not a vampire," I said accusingly.
"You're my cousin TRAP!"

"Oh, Gerrykins, you're so gullible!" he said, laughing. "So, what do you think of my **Vampire**



Who was the vampire who had come into my office?



It was my cousin Trap!
His teeth were fake and
the bottle was filled with
tomato juice!

costume? I figured I'd try it out on you to see how authentic it is."

I dried the sweat from my forehead. My whiskers were still **trembling** with fear.

"Ha, ha," I said weakly. "It's a very **GOOD** costume. But you almost scared me **OUT OF TUR!**"

"Oh, come on, Gerry Berry." He snickered.
"Can't you take a little joke? I'm the best cousin in the world, right?"

"Well, you aren't boring," I replied. My cousin can be a bit **MUCH**.

"I just knew you'd like my costume," Trap continued, smiling proudly. "Now aren't you going to ask why I'm dressed like a vampire, Germeister?"

"No, thanks!" I said. "I'm really not interested, Trap. I'm very busy **WORKING**. And my name is Geronimo. That's **G-E-R-O-N-I-M-O**!"

Trap drank a sip of **tomato juice**, cleaned his whiskers on my tie, and giggled.

"But I think you'll find it **Very** interesting, Geronimo," he said slyly. "After all, you're **invited**, too!"

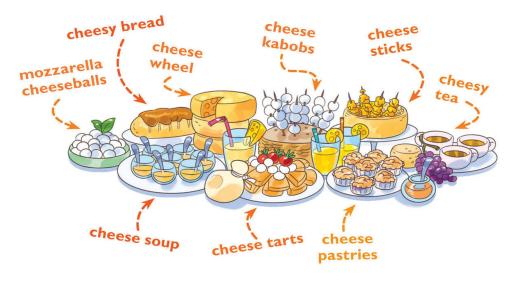
He **WAVED** a card under my nose, but I couldn't see what it said.

Then Trap read aloud: "Mr. Geronimo Stilton is invited to the New Mouse Eity Grand Masked Ball. All guests must arrive dressed



as their favorite fantasy characters. Costumes are mandatory — **NO EXCEPTIONS!** The ball begins Friday at midnight in the ballroom at Goldenfur Castle."

On the back of the invite there was a note: "By the way, don't be late! There will be an all-you-can-eat **GHEESE BUFFET**, but it's first come, first served!"





Masks for Mice

I hit my head with my paw. The Grand Masked Ball was the most famouse party in New Mouse City, and it was happening tonight! I had completely forgotten.

"Chewy cheddar chunks!"

I squeaked. "I promised Creepella von Cacklefur I would go with her, but I don't have a costume yet."

Trap just shook his head.

"Oh, Gerry Berry, you're in **TROUBLE**," he said in a singsong voice. "Creepella has a **TERRIBLE TEMPER!**"

I absolutely had to fix this. So I called my sister, Thea, RIGHT AWAY.

"Hi, Thea," I said quickly. "Where can I find a **COSTUME** for tonight's masked ball?"



"Are you **kidding**?" came her reply. "Everyone knows the stores in New Mouse City don't have any costumes left!"

I was about to cry.

Creepella might be my friend, but she has a **TERRIBLE TEMPER!** I told her I would go to the ball with her months ago! What in the



name of **cheese** was I going to do?

But then Thea had an **IDEA**.

"You could try my friend Felicia Fashionfur's store. It's called **Masks for Mice**, and it's at thirteen Masquerade Lane. Give her my name, okay? Hopefully she can help you."

I dashed out the door right away and flagged down a TAXI.

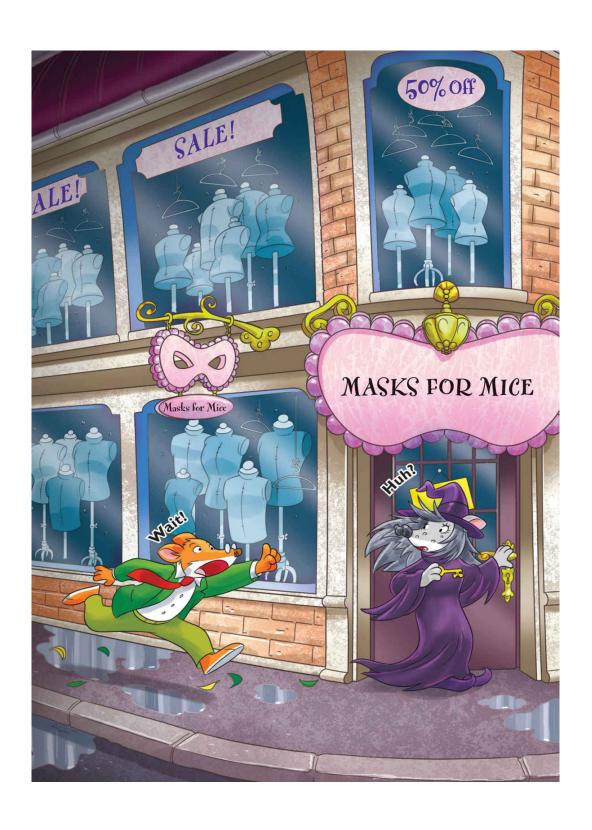
"Number thirteen Masquerade Lane," I told the driver. "And please *hurry*!"

A few minutes later, the taxi stopped in front of a store with a large painted **WOODEN** sign that read **Masks** for **Mice**. This was it!

As I paid my driver, I noticed that a mouse dressed as a **WITCH** was locking up the shop.

"Wait!" I squeaked. "Please don't close! I need a costume **right away**!"

The rodent at the door was wearing a pointy



hat, a **PURPLE** silk dress, and pointy-toed **shoes**.

"You're Thea's brother, Geronimo, right?" she asked.

"Um, yes, that's me," I replied. "My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I need —"

She cut me off before I could finish.

"I know what you need," she said. "A **costume** for tonight's ball! But I don't have any left. That's how it goes — it's the **BEST** party of the year! Everyone's going, even me! I'm dressed as a **witch**. What do you think of my costume?"

"It's **Great**," I replied. Then I fell to my knees, SOBDING. "But don't you have a costume for me, too? Any costume will do — I'll take whatever you've got! Otherwise Creepella will —"

Felicia **Shuddered** and then interrupted me again.

"Moldy mozzarella!" she exclaimed. "Say no more. I went to school with Creepella. She's a great friend, but that mouse has a TERRIBLE TEMPER! Follow me inside and let's see what I can find."

I followed her up a **Spirel** staircase and into a **DARK** room. I was feeling hopeful, until my eyes adjusted to the dark. All around me





were thousands and thousands of hangers — but they were all $\[\] \] \]$!

Felicia began to rummage around in a corner.

"Oh, it must be here . . . or maybe here . . . or it could be there," she muttered. "Oh, here it is! I knew I'd find it **SOMEWHERE!**"



Finally, at the bottom of a very dusty trunk, she found a **GREEN** tunic and tights, a **FROG** mask, and a fake gold **CPOWIN** decorated with fake stones. There was also a broken chain with a **MEDALLION** on it that read:

WHO WANTS TO KISS ME?



Just Like a Frog . . .

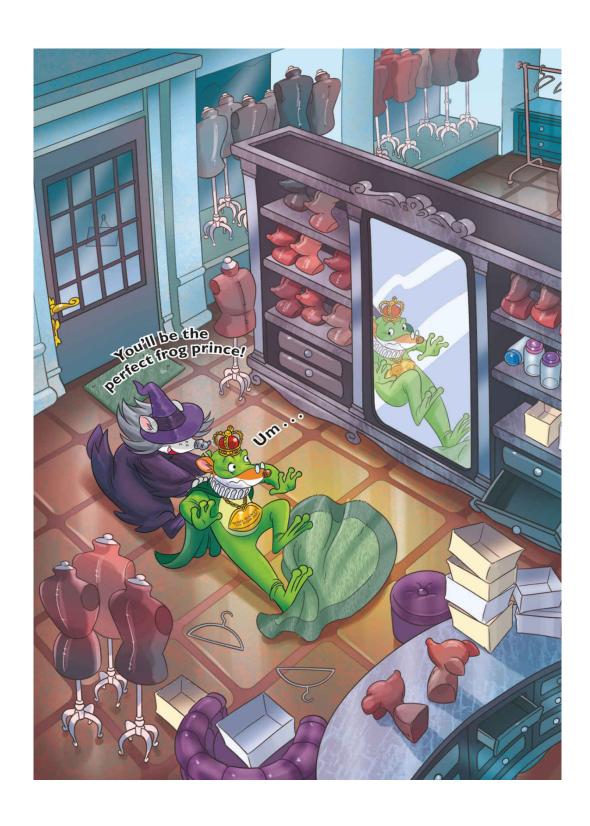
"B-but what's this?" I asked.

"Why, it's a **frog Prince** costume!" Felicia replied brightly. "It's perfect for tonight's ball. The theme is fantasy characters, you know!"

I put on the **COSTUME** and placed the medallion around my neck and the crown on my head. Then we went into the store. Felicia pushed me in front of a giant **Diffeor**.

"When you wear this costume, you must **Stay** in **CharaCter!**" she explained. "That means you have to:

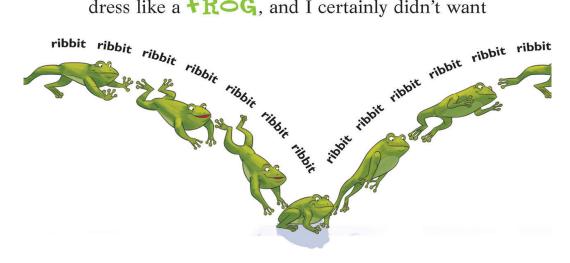
- stay crouched, like a **fRoG** . . .
- keep your knees bent, like a **frog** . . .
- move by jumping, like a **frog** . . .
- talk by croaking, just like a **fRoG!**



"The crown on your head shows that you are waiting for a beautiful princess to kiss you," she continued. "Then you'll turn into a prince. Watch out, Geronimo! Who knows how many rodents will try to SMOOCH you tonight!" She giggled.

"So, what do you say?" Felicia asked. "Do you like it? Do you WANT it? Are you taking the costume or not? I need to close the shop and go home to finish GETTING READY. I'm going to the party, too, remember?"

I didn't know what to say. I really didn't want to dress like a $\mathbf{fR} \circ \mathbf{G}$, and I certainly didn't want



every rodent at the ball trying to kiss me!

"Er, thanks, Felicia," I replied. "This costume is, um, nice, but it's really STLLY! I'm a very serious mouse! I run The Rodent's Gazette. and I need a serious costume. Something like a KNIGHT or a Wizard or a KING. I'd be too embarrassed to go to the ball as a FROG PRince!"

Felicia just shrugged.

"Suit yourself," she said **Simply**. "If you don't want it, that's okay. BYE!"

She headed toward the door, but I stopped her. "WAIT!" I squeaked. "Please help me, Felicia!"



She just sighed.

"What can I do, Geronimo?" she said. "Until this morning, I had a lot of beautiful costumes. There were RED, YELLOW, and GREEN DRAGONS (with or without wings); wizards and sorcerers; kings (with or without crowns); knights, complete with white horses; gnomes; goblins; trolls; and some truly nightmarish characters. I had monsters without heads, ghosts in chains, and vampires, too! Your cousin Trap rented a fangtastic vampire costume."

My eyes filled with tears again at the thought of all the **wonderful** costumes I had missed.

"I know," I said sadly. "I made an **enormouse** mistake. But what do I do now?"

She put her paw on my shoulder.

"Just give it a chance, Geronimo," she said.

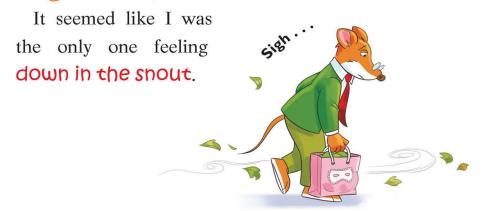
"Wear the frog prince costume. It's better than **nothing**, right?"

I sighed. "You're right," I said. "Now, how much is this going to **cost me**?"

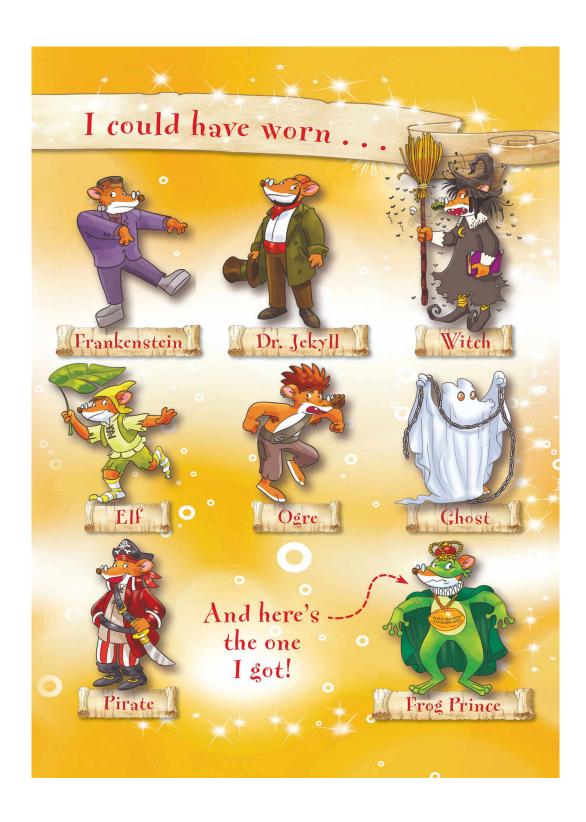
"I'll give it to you as a **grift**," she said with a smile. "Your sister is my **friend**, after all. And no one else is still looking for a costume at this hour anyway!"

I thanked her for her **generosity** and headed home.

How sill of me to forget the date of the ball! It was my own fault that I had to dress like the **FROG PRINCE**. It was evening now, and the streets were emptying. Everyone in New Mouse City was **CHEERFULLY** getting ready for the **Grand Masked Ball**!









GOLDENFUR CASTLE

As soon as I got home, I put on the costume. It was even more **UNCOMFORTABLE** than it had been in the store! I crouched down and practiced my jumping, but my legs **CRAMPED**. I shined the gold chain and medallion to make them more ***Parkly** before I put the necklace around my neck. Finally, I placed the crown with the fake jewels on top of my head.

I sighed. It was too late to find another costume, so I had to make the **Best** of this one!

I went outside and hailed the first **T A X I** that came by. But when the driver saw me, he burst out **aughing!**

"Ha, ha, ha," he chuckled. "I've never had a frog passenger before! I hope you don't pay me with files!"



He was just JOKING around, but I was too down in the snout to laugh.

"Please take me to . . ." I muttered.

But he finished the sentence for me.

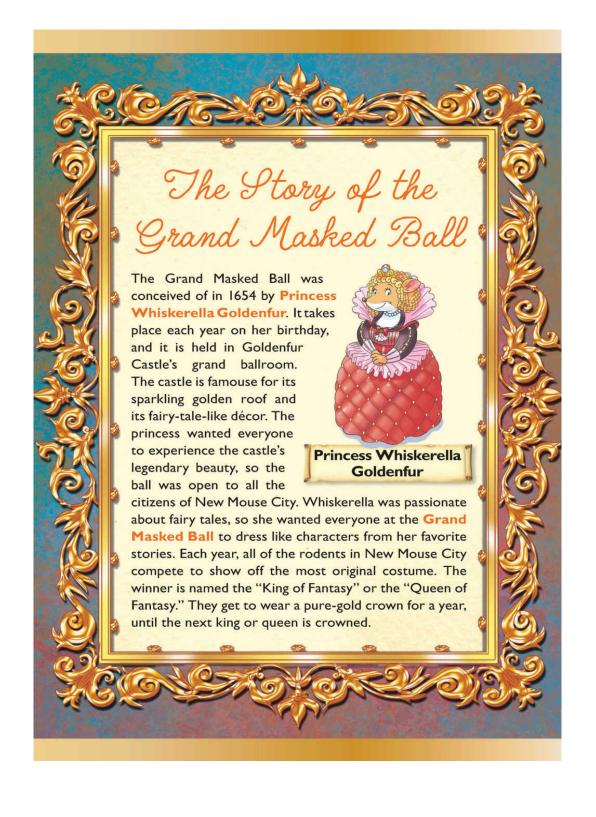
"To **GOLDENFUR CASTLE**, of course!" he said. "You're going to the Grand Masked Ball, right? Where else would a **FROG PRINCE** be going on a Friday night? Ha, ha, ha!"

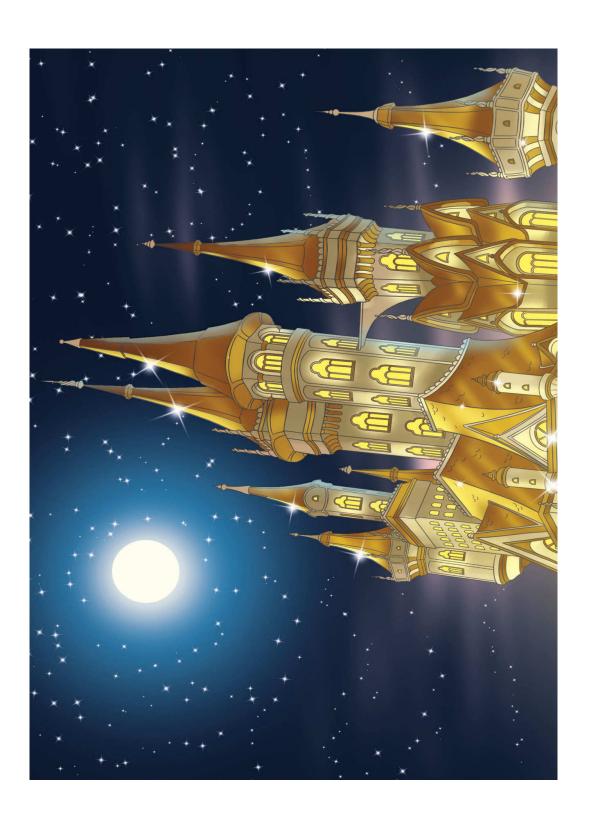
We took the road along the waterfront, and I again thought I heard a strange voice:

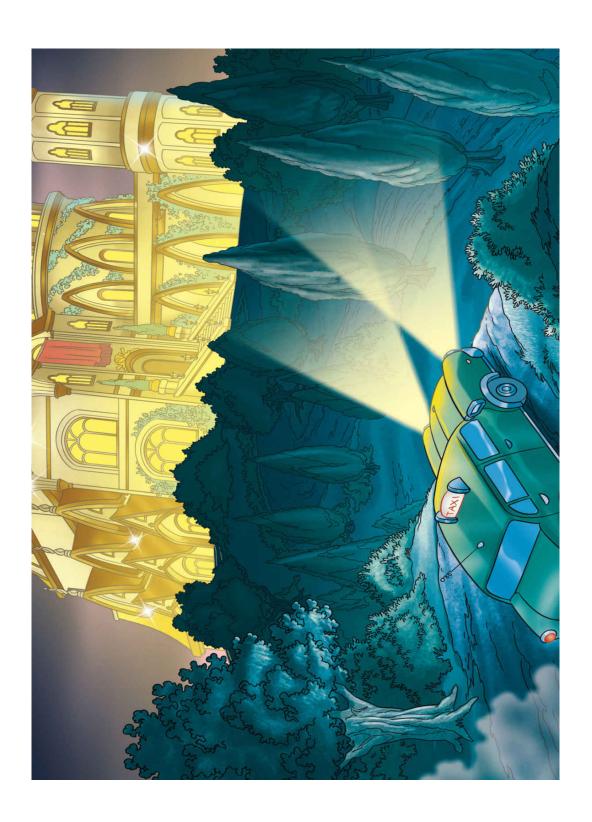


I looked out the window but didn't see anyone. **Now strange!** Maybe it was just my imagination, or the sound of the wind, or the waves crashing against the shore. **WHO KNOWS!**

The taxi stopped at the top of a HILL just









before we reached the castle. The headlights illuminated the building, which was lit by thousands of **Spar Rling** lights.

"Here we are," the taxi driver said as he dropped me off. "Have a good night! I hope you get that special **kiss** so you can change out of that **Silly** frog costume. Ha, ha, ha!"

With a resigned sigh, I headed into the castle and joined the crowd of **GOSTUMED** rodents. I found myself in the **Magnificent** ballroom.

on, Goldenfur Castle was so beautiful!

The room was lit by CRYSTAL chandeliers and the tables were covered in fine linen tablecloths and laden with **delicious dishes**: cheesecakes, mountains of fresh mozzarella, Swiss fondue, cheddar milkshakes, and chocolates filled with Gorgonzola.

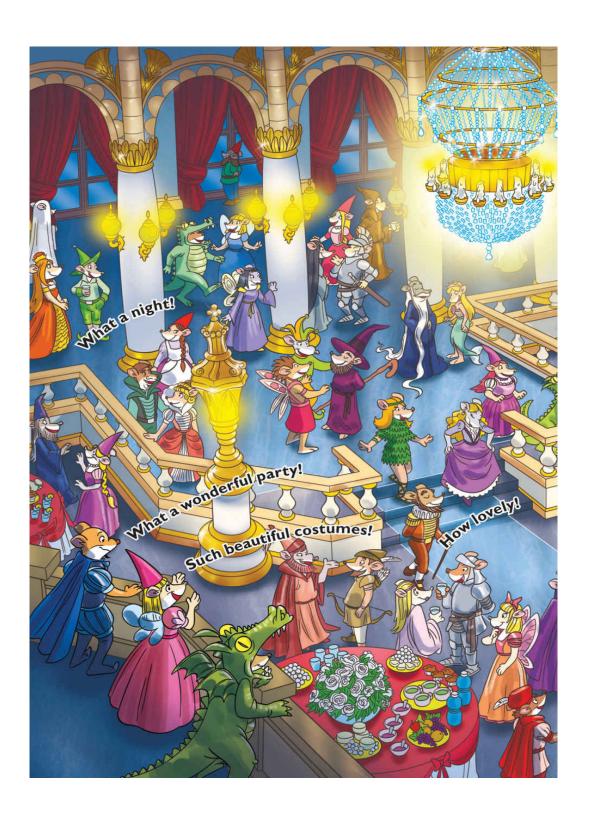
The guests' **COSTUMES** were fantastic!

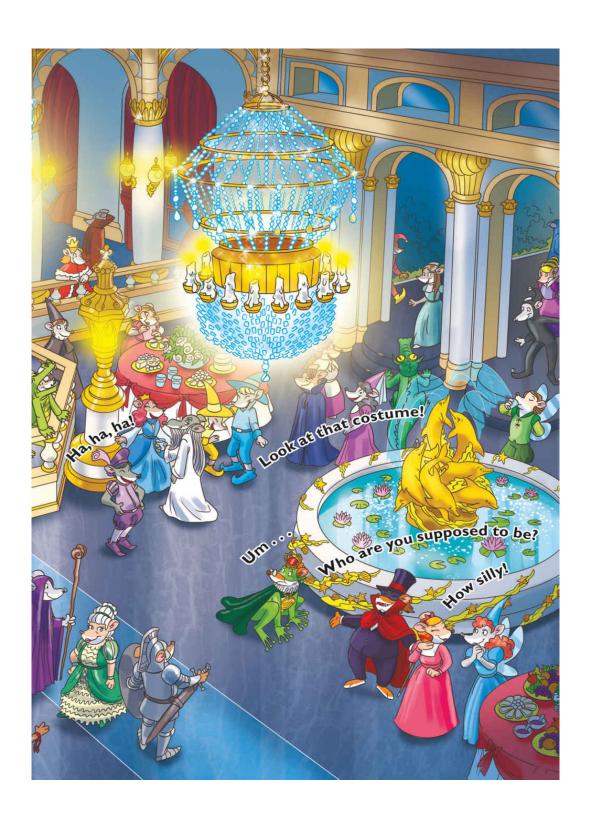
There were fairies and wizards, princes and princesses, kings and queens, and knights and ladies. There were also **winged** dragons, **SPOOKY** ghosts, and **scary** witches! Of course I was the only one there in a **RDICULOUS** frog prince costume. Embarrassed, I slipped out of the ballroom into the garden, where I hid behind a **marble fountain** to watch the festivities.

The water in the fountain trickled with a soft, pleasant sound. For a second, I thought I heard a strange voice in the night:



I looked around, but I didn't see anyone near me dressed like a knight. How strange! It might have been the sound of the water. Or maybe it was just my *IMAGINATION*...







After I had been hiding in the garden for about fifteen minutes, my stomach began to **GROWL**. I thought about the **delectable** foods I had seen on the cheese buffet table. I just had to have one of those **GORGONZOLA tarts!** I checked to be sure my mask fit snugly over my snout and then I headed back inside. As I jumped toward the snacks, I heard **Squeaks** behind me.



"What an original costume!"

"That mouse is really staying in **character**!"

"How silly!"

"He must be brave to wear a costume like that!"

"Look at his medallion! It reads 'Who wants to kiss me?'!"

A female rodent stepped forward.

"I'll try!" she squeaked. "Let's see if this **FROG** turns into a **PRince**!"

At that moment, a fell across the marble floor. A mouse dressed in purple





at the **unfortunate** mouse who had tried to kiss me.

"Oh no you don't!" she squeaked. "This

frog is **all mine**!"

Cacklefur! In addition to having a TERRIBLE TEMPER, Creepella can be a bit, well, jealous! Even though I was the one dressed in green, it seemed Creepella was green with envy!

"It's about time you arrived!" Creepella scolded me. "You're late! But I'll **forgive** you."

Then she leaned over and tried to give me a huge **Smooth** on the snout.

Somehow I managed to DODGE her.

"Um, no, thanks, Creepella," I mumbled. "I'm not really in the Moob for kisses tonight!"

Creepella put her paws on her hips.

"Well, why are you wearing that **\$16N** around your neck then, huh?" she asked.

As if I wasn't **embarrassed** enough, mice all around us began WHISPERINS.

"Who's that mouse with Creepella?" someone said. "Some date! He won't even kiss her!"

"I think it's Geronimo Stilton!" another mouse replied.

"You mean the famouse **newspaper** mouse?" another gasped.

"Hey, frog prince," another mouse squeaked.

"Show your snout!"



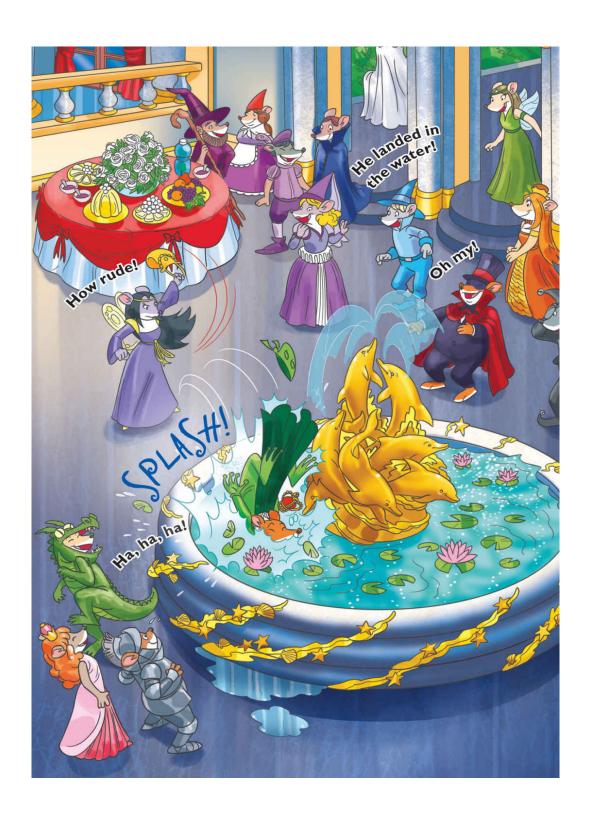
I was so embarrassed I wanted to **MELT** into the floor like mozzarella on a pizza. I didn't know what else to do, so I took off my **mask**.

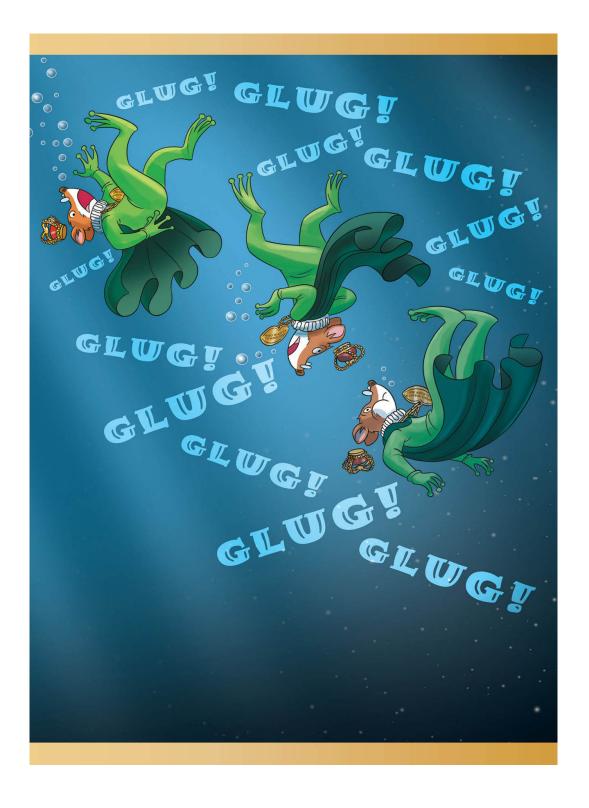
"It is him!" a mouse squeaked in shock. "What a PUDE rodent!"

Creepella squinted at me.

"Yeah, what a **PUDC** date you are, Geronimo!" she agreed. Then she **SWUNG** her purse at me! Unfortunately, the froggy feet on my costume weren't very **STEADY**, and I lost my balance as I dodged her bag. I **wobbled** on my paws, and a second later, I landed in the ballroom's famouse







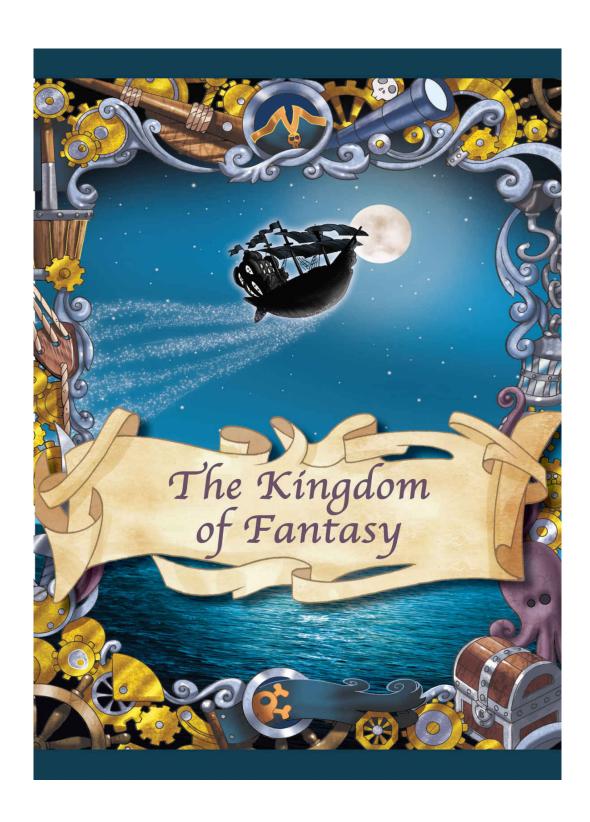


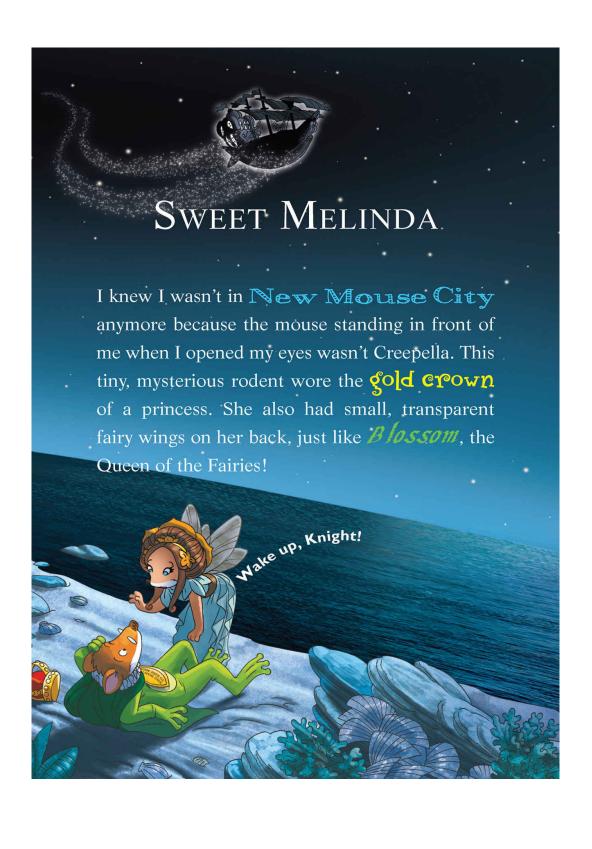
I must have **BUMPED** my head when I fell into the fountain, because I saw so many stars I felt like I was in **Quiter space!**

I fell deeper and deeper into the water.



When I came to, I realized I was no longer at GOLDENFUR CASTLE on Mouse Island. Instead, I was in a beautiful, magical place I had been many times before . . . the Kingdom of Fantasy!





Her snout was very delicate: Her little nose seemed like a **rosebud**, her eyes were the color of **periwinkles**, and her whiskers looked to be as soft as silk. Her **shimmary** dress was a lovely light blue that matched her eyes **PERFECTLY**. But the thing that struck me most about her was the sweet smell of **vanilla** that hung in the air all around her!

"Sir Knight!" she whispered sweetly. "Please wake up!"

I rubbed the top of my head. It still hurt where.

I had **bonked** it in the fountain.

"Er, yes, I'm awake," I replied. "Who am I? Um, I mean, Where am I, and Who are you?"

"I am Sweet Melinda," she said SOFTLY, placing her little paw over her heart. "I'm the **Princess of the Vanilla Fairies**. You are Sir Geronimo of Stilton, and this is the Kingdom of Fantasy! This is the Enchanted Lagoon behind us.

Isn't it beautiful?"

"Princess of the Vanilla Fairies?" I asked, **Confused**. Who were they? I had never met any **mouse fairies** on my other visits to the Kingdom of Fantasy. And I had never been to the **Enchanted Lagoon**, either!

I stood up and looked around. In front of me was a **Calm**, **CLEAR** blue sea. Behind me was a **GOFT**, sandy beach under my paws. It seemed like **PARADISE!**

For a moment, I took it all in. Then I looked above me. A *majestic black ship* seemed to be sailing through the starry night sky, leaving a trail of moon dust behind it!

I stared at it with my mouth open: I had never seen such an extraordinary sight!

Suddenly, there was a large FLASH of light. The ship **DOVE** straight toward the ground, landing



in a grove of palm trees nearby.

The princess gasped.

"Let's go, Knight!" she squeaked. "They're here!"

"Huh?" I exclaimed as she pulled me by the

paw. ? "Who's HERE?", ?

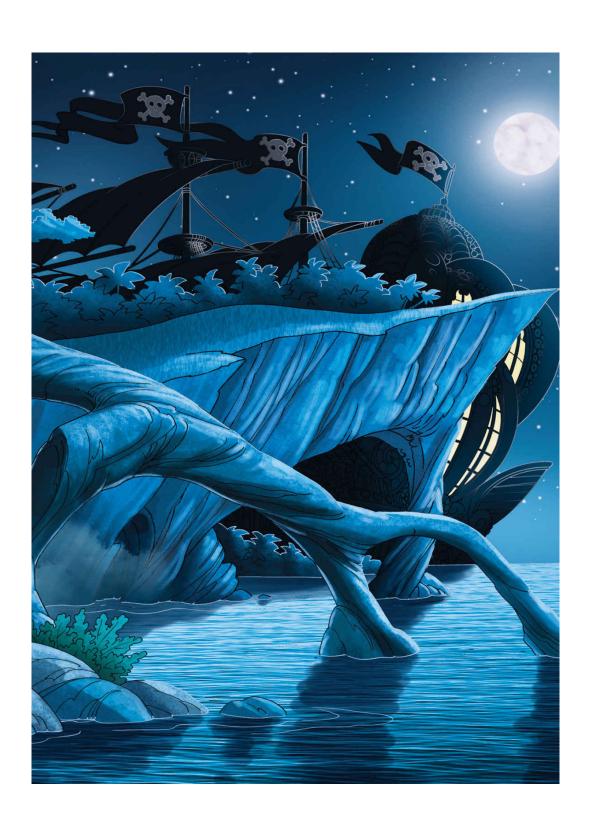
"Shhh!" she whispered softly as we hid behind some bushes. "It's a long story. For now, you just need to know that they're **WICKED** and **DANGEROUS** . . . and there are a lot of them!

"Look! It's Captain Shorttail and the Ship of Secrets!"

In the distance, I heard voices singing a SUPER-SCARY song:

AHOY THERE, PIRATES, BOLD AND TRUE, WHO'S THE FIERCEST RAT IN THE PIRATE CREW? YO, HO, HO! CAPTAIN SHORTTAIL'S HIS NAME. YO, HO, HO! BEING MEAN IS HIS GAME. HE HAS A BLOODRED BEARD AND A LONG FUR-DO, AND A SWORD SO SHARP IT'LL SLICE YOU IN TWO! YO, HO, HO! CAPTAIN SHORTTAIL'S HIS NAME. YO, HO, HO! BEING MEAN IS HIS GAME. HE'LL MAKE YOU WALK THE PLANK JUST FOR FUN, IF YOU SEE HIM COMING, YOU'D BETTER RUN! YO, HO, HO! CAPTAIN SHORTTAIL'S HIS NAME. YO, HO, HO! BEING MEAN IS HIS GAME.







Once we were hidden, Melinda told me her story.

"Knight, please let me explain who I am and why you are here in the **Kingdom** of **Fantasy**," she began.

"I probably already know!" I interrupted her. "I imagine Queen Blossom has a **MISSION** for me and that she sent you here with a message that explains everything . . ."

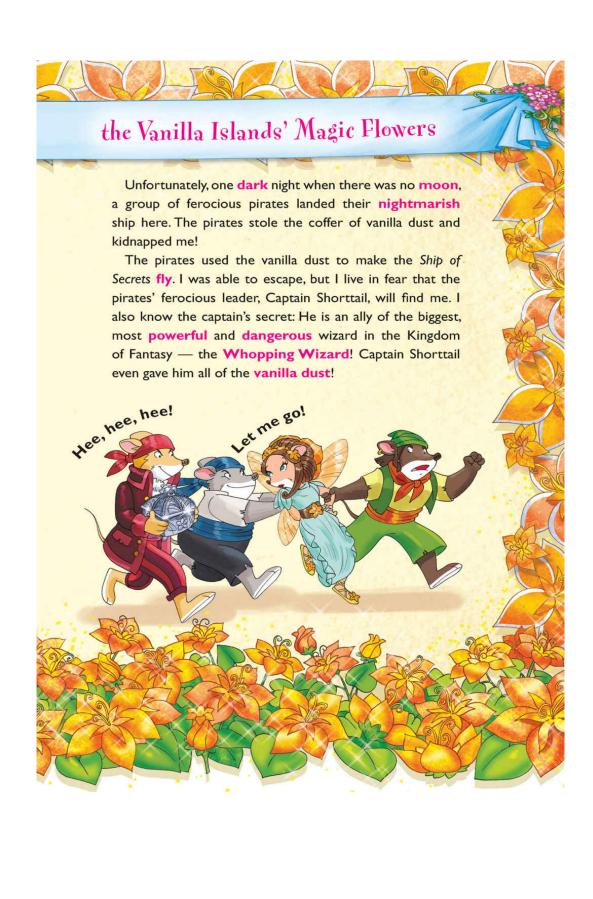
She shook her head, tears **shining** in her blue eyes.

"No, Knight," she said softly. "I'm the one who **CALLED YOU!** Now if you have the patience to listen to my story, I'll explain everything."

As Melinda squeaked, the sweet scent of **Vanilla** filled the air all around us. It was **ENCHANTING!**







When Melinda finished her story, I didn't know what to say: Those pirates sounded really **CFUE** and **evil**!

"Now do you understand why I called you here?" she asked. "I am in **grave** danger! But I know you can help me, **BRAVE** knight. You've saved my friend Blossom many times, and she told me that you are very **COULAGEOUS** and not

afraid of anything. She said you even know how to defeat dragons, witches, and giants!"

"Ahem, well, I guess I have done those things before," I muttered. "And I have been courageous sometimes. But this **Captain Shorttail** sounds very ferocious. Tell me: How bad is he?"

She looked at me in surprise.

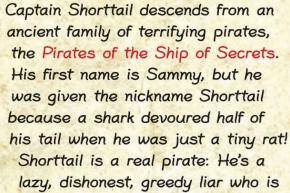
"Why, Sir Geronimo, your whiskers are trembling!" she exclaimed. "And your teeth

are chattering! Why are you so **PALE**? You're a brave knight! Are you afraid of Captain Shorttail and his band of **terrible** pirates?"

I was too embarrassed to admit that **YES**, I, Sir Geronimo of Stilton, was afraid. So I made up an excuse.

"Er, well, you know, the seawater was so **Cold**, I think I caught a little chill!" I replied, shivering. "Honestly, I wouldn't blame you for being **SCATED**," Melinda said sweetly. "Captain Shorttail is really, really **FEROCIOUS**! Everyone in the Kingdom of Fantasy is afraid of him! Let me tell you why..."



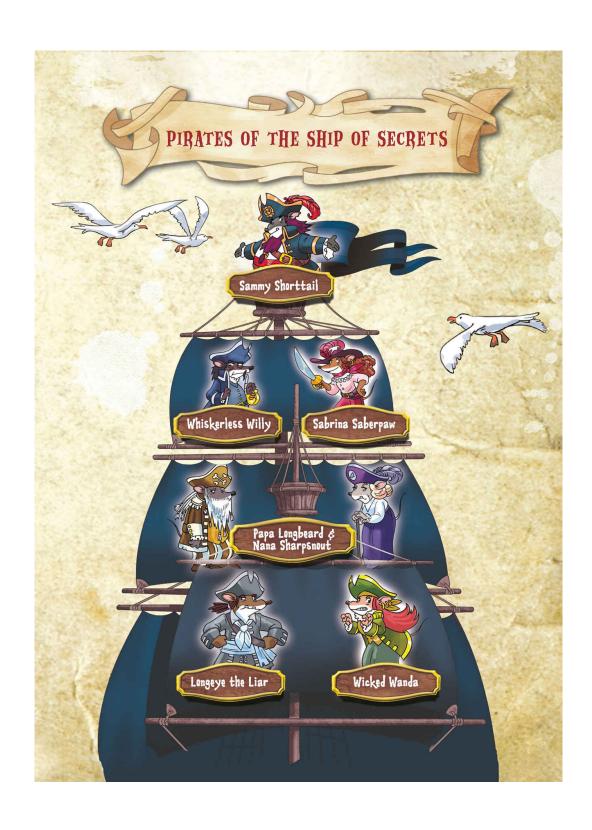


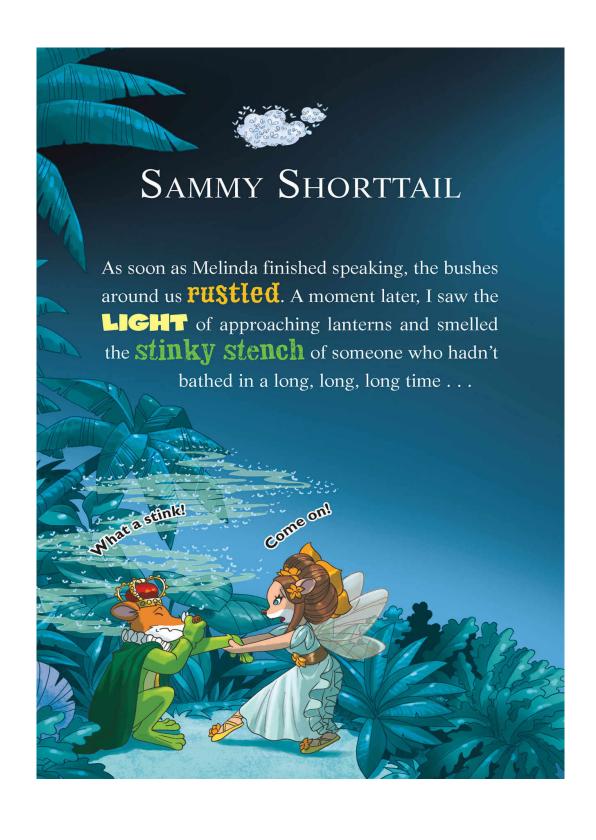
willing to do whatever it takes to become rich, rich, rich! When he's not out sailing the seas, he's in his secret hideout. But no one knows where that is! It is rumored that Captain Shorttail has hidden thirteen trunks of silver treasure in this mysterious place.

ALL THE PIRATES IN CAPTAIN SHORTTAIL'S FAMILY ARE SUPER-SCARY!

Captain Shorttail is the son of the celebrated pirate Whiskerless Willy. He got that nickname when his enemy cut off all his whiskers during battle and they never grew back. Whiskerless Willy married the legendary pirate Sabrina Saberpaw, who was named because of her amazing ability to duel with a saber.

The two had only one son, Sammy Shorttail.





LOOKY

I

FOUND

Α

STRANGE

LITTLE

CASTA

SAMMY SHORTTAIL

"Come on!" Melinda whispered urgently. "Let's get out of here!"

But it was too late. A second later, the **light** of an oil lamp fell on my snout.

A deep voice grumbled loudly . . .

"WELL, LOOKY HERE! I FOUND A STRANGE LITTLE CASTAWAY!"

I was facing a short, stocky rat with a bumpy nose, a FIERCE glare, one Crooked tooth, and a Chopped-Off tail!

It was

Captain Sammy Shorttail!

"Come **CLOSER**, castaway," he growled. "I want to get a better look at you . . ."

He held the oil lamp up to my snout and **CLARED** at me.

"Hmmm." He sneered. "Are you a **mouse** or a **frog**? I really can't tell! All I know is, you're definitely **NOT** who I was looking for!"

Then he raised the lantern and illuminated Melinda's snout.

"She's the one I'm after!" he shouted, grinning triumphantly.

He smoothed his whiskers, a satisfied look on his snout.

"What an excellent **SURPRISE** this



is! Welcome back to the pirate crew, Princess Melinda. You thought you could escape, but **NO ONE** escapes from Captain Shorttail!"

"Wait!" I cried, trying my best to be **brave**.

"Let the princess go! Take **ME** as your prisoner instead!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Captain Shorttail cackled evilly. "Listen to this **frog** — I mean, **mouse**! He thinks I'm going to let one of them **go!** Who is he kidding? Ha, ha, ha!"

Suddenly, a voice behind him called out: "Yoo-hoo! Captain Shorttail! When are you going to get me that deckhand/dishwasher/potato peeler/ship cleaner/toilet washer I asked for?"





A New Deckhand for Chef Greasypaw

The rodent who had yelled at Captain Shorttail emerged from the bushes. He was a **plump** rat with **Breasy** black whiskers, small beady eyes that looked like black olives, and enormouse ears that looked like two heads of cauliflower. He wore a cook's apron dotted with SPOTS of grease, butter, chocolate, and cheese sauce. On his head was a tall cook's hat with a **GREEN PARROT** perched on top.

As the cook approached us, I noticed that he was stirring a pot of a **foul-smelling** soup with a large metal spoon.

"Ah, it's Chef Greasypaw!" Captain Shorttail said gleefully. "Greasy, today is your lucky day: Here is your new **DECKHAND!** Or



should I say deckmouse? Or maybe deckfrog? I have NO IDEA! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Excellent!" Chef Greasypaw cried. "I'll call you **FLyCatcheR**, because you're a frog who eats flies! Also, it will be part of your job to catch extra flies to add to my **YUMMY** soups! Get it? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sir Knight," Melinda whispered to me. "Do you have a plan to **Saye** us?"

Chef Greasypaw

He is the cook aboard the Ship of Secrets. He prepares slop so gross only Captain Shorttail and his crew are able to eat it! The minestrone of rotten cabbage is his signature dish: To make it more delicious, he flavors it with flies, spiders, and cockroaches that he finds on board the ship. He never goes anywhere without his pet parrot, Salty!





"Uh, I'm working on it!" I replied. I had to come up with something ** But how could we escape from these **WFUL** pirates?

Chef Greasypaw began pushing me forward, prodding me in the tail with a large metal fork.

"Hurry up, Flycatcher!" he ordered. "There's plenty of WORK waiting for you at the ship!"

"Okay!" I squeaked, rubbing my tail. "I'm going. You don't need to POKE me!"





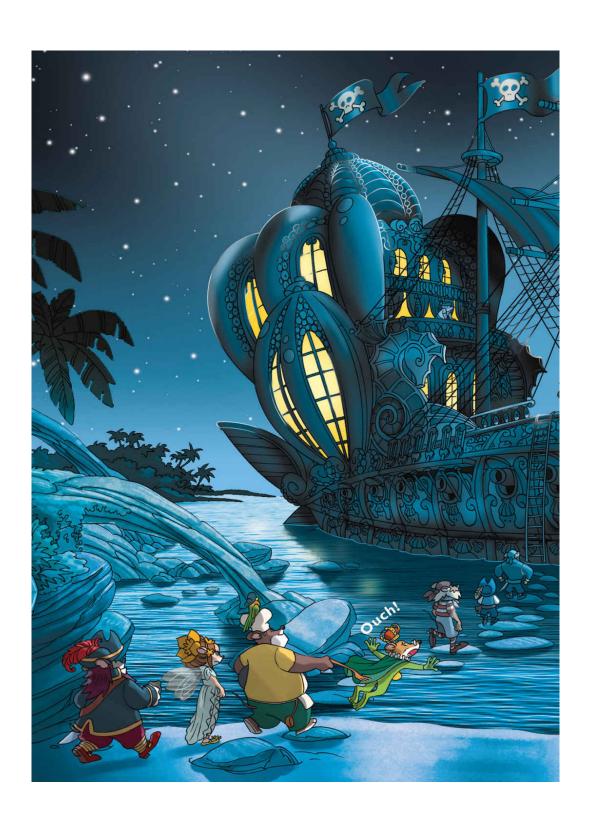
But he continued to pinch, poke, and prod my tail as we walked down a stony trail that led to a small local lagoon.

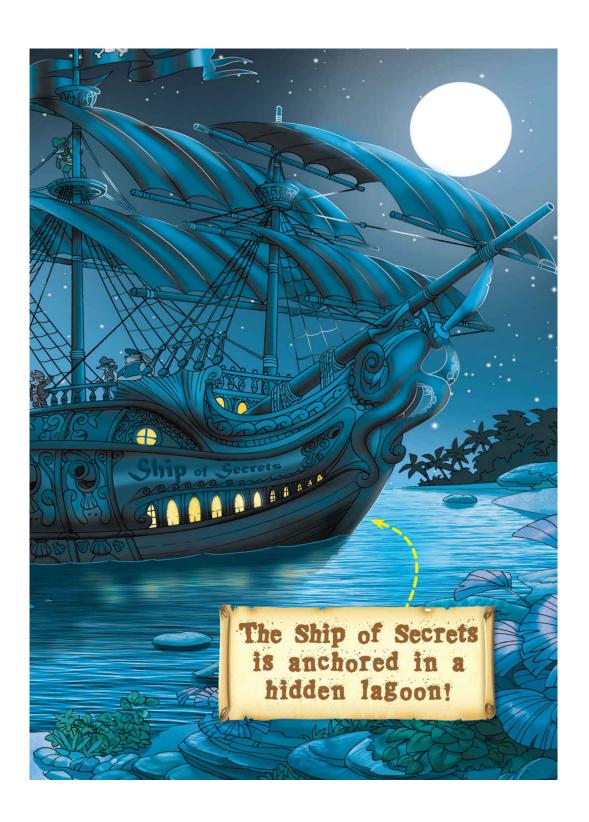
An enormouse black ship was anchored there, the name **Ship of Secrets** painted on its side! It was completely **BLACK**, from its hull to its sails. Terrifying pirate flags waved from each mast.

A tremendous stench emanated from the ship. It stank . . .

... worse than a troll's ARMPITS!
... worse than a witch's breath!
... worse than an ogre's FEET!







BEFORE

AFTER



Chef Greasypaw quickly showed me around the ship. Then he led me to the kitchen and made me change into pirate deckhand's **clothes**: a red bandanna, a **frilly** white shirt, a pair of **GREEN** pants, and a **LEATHER** belt with a gold buckle.

Then he gave me a SCrub brush.



"Flycatcher, have you seen how big the Ship of Secrets is? Have you seen how **Greasy** the kitchen is? Have you seen how many **GITLY** plates are in the sink? And have you seen how many **POTATOES** are in that sack? You will clean **EVERYTHING** on the ship! You will polish the **ENTIRE** deck! You will degrease the **Whole** kitchen! You will wash **ALL** the plates! And you will peel **ALL** those potatoes! **UNDERSTAND?!**"

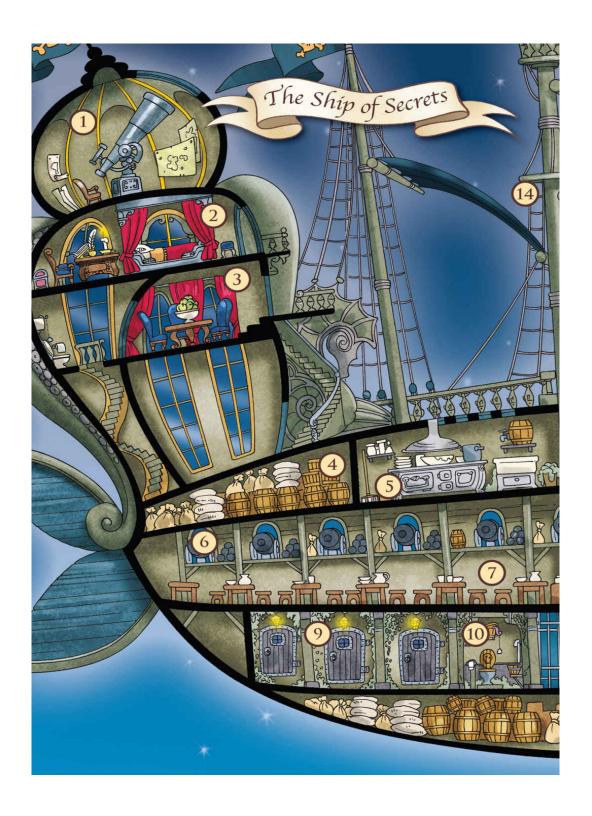
I nodded. What else could I do?

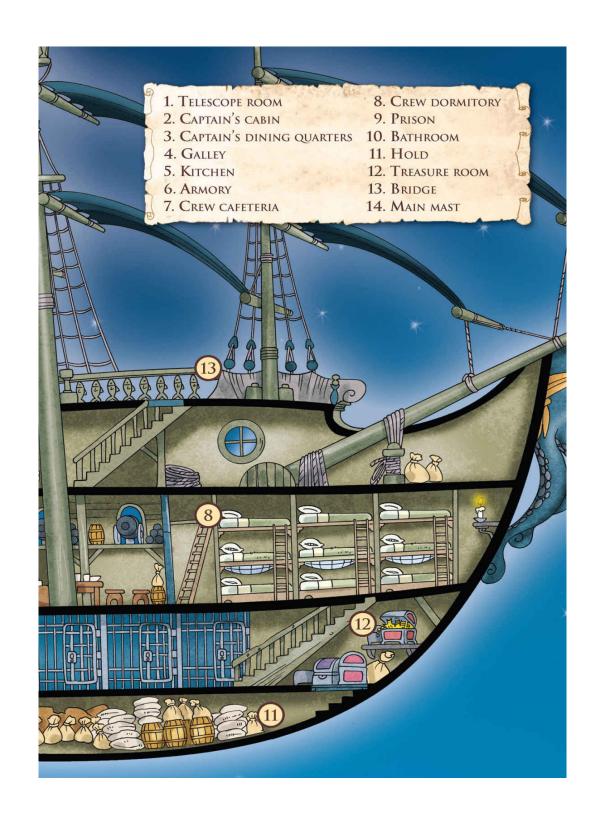
"You'll also have to make the beds (ha, ha, ha!) and fold the sails (hee, hee, hee!). But first, it's time to clean the toilets (ho, ho, ho!)."

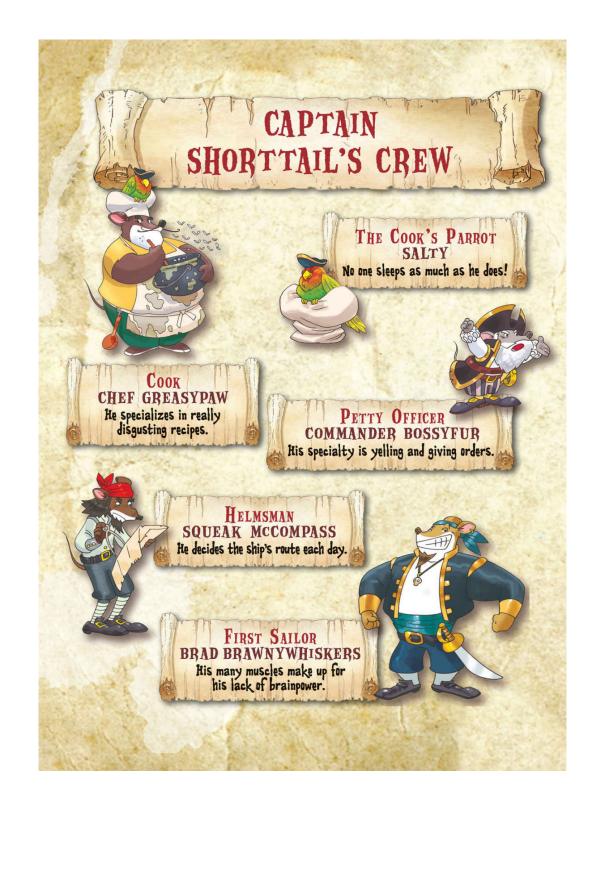
I sighed. What else could I do?

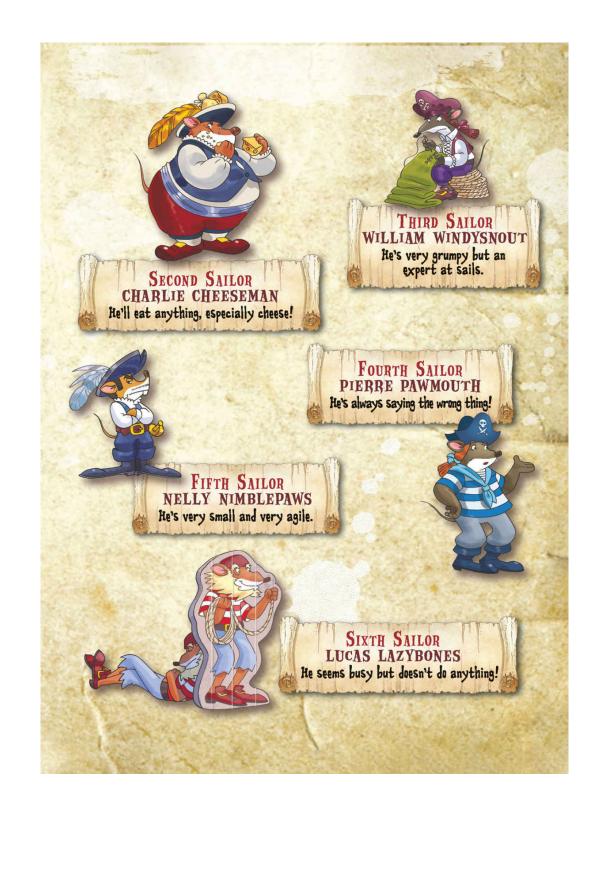
"Which way to the toilets?" I asked.

"Ha, ha, ha! That's easy!" he cried. "Just **follow** the stench!"









I sighed. Then I grabbed the bucket and the **scrubbing** brush and headed toward the source of the **stench**. What else could I do?

The closer I got, the more it stank ...

I had never smelled anything so gross and disgusting in my entire life!







THE STINKY PIRATE TOILET

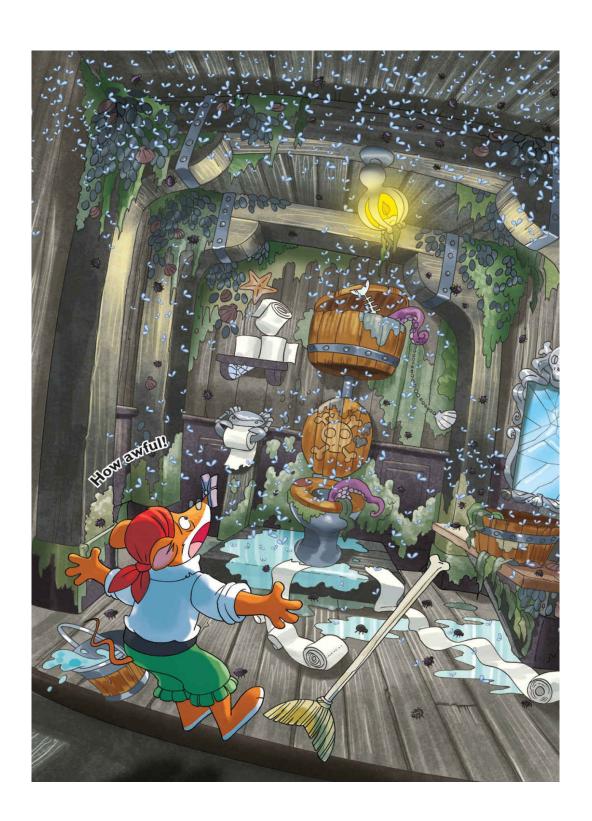
Finally, I found myself in front of a wooden door that had been painted black. **CLOTHESPINS** hung nearby, along with a scroll with the following instructions:

Caution! Put a clothespin on your snout before you enter the bathroom, or you'll be sorry!

I quickly put a clothespin on the tip of my snout. But I could still smell the terrible stench!

Oh, how that bathroom reeked! I looked around me and saw that there were clouds of flies, hordes of cockroaches, and fleas jumping everywhere! How awful!

At the center of the cabin was a toilet with a pirate SKULL AND GROSSIONES carved into the lid.



I worked all night long cleaning that **TERRIFYING** bathroom. I don't think anyone had cleaned it in years!

When I finally finished, it was dawn. I sighed with relief and headed to a **CQBin** labeled:

DECKHAND BUNK.

There, I lay down on the cot under a scratchy, flea-infested wool blanket.

I was worried about Sweet Melinda. I hoped her sleeping quarters were better than mine! I



knew I had to come up with an **escape** plan, but sleep came first!

Zzzzzz...Zzzzzz...Zzzzzz...

I felt like I had been sleeping for only a few minutes when suddenly . . . **SPLASH!** A bucket of **Treezing** cold water hit me in the snout!

It was Chef Greasypaw.

"Wake up, Flycatcher!" he growled. "The sun is already up, and there's a lot of work for you to do



MOUND

"EVERYONE

THE STINKY PIRATE TOILET

TO

THEIR

ANCHORS

He prodded my tail with his enormouse fork, pushing me into the kitchen. A huge MOUND of potatoes greeted me.

"Peel! Peel! Peel!" he ordered. "Got it?!"

I sighed as he poured himself a glass of mint tea and headed to the deck to **relax**. Meanwhile, I got to work.

I had just started peeling when I heard Captain Shorttail's terrifying shout.

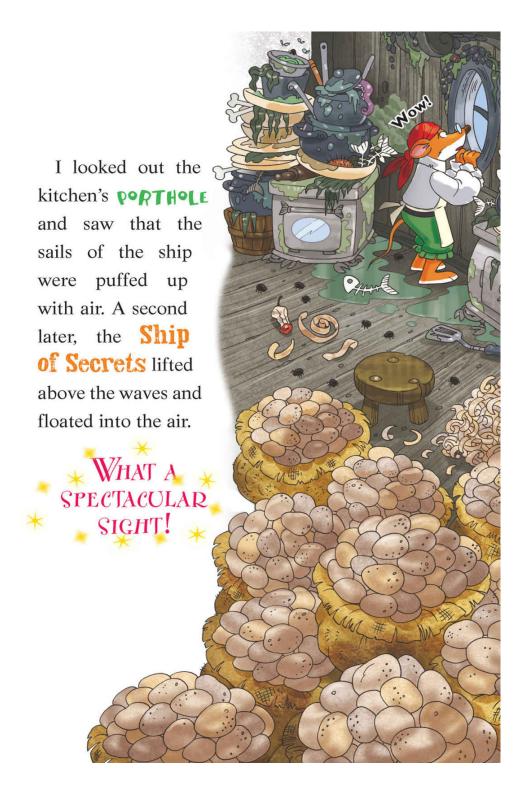
"EVERYONE TO THEIR POSTS! ANCHORS AWEIGH!"

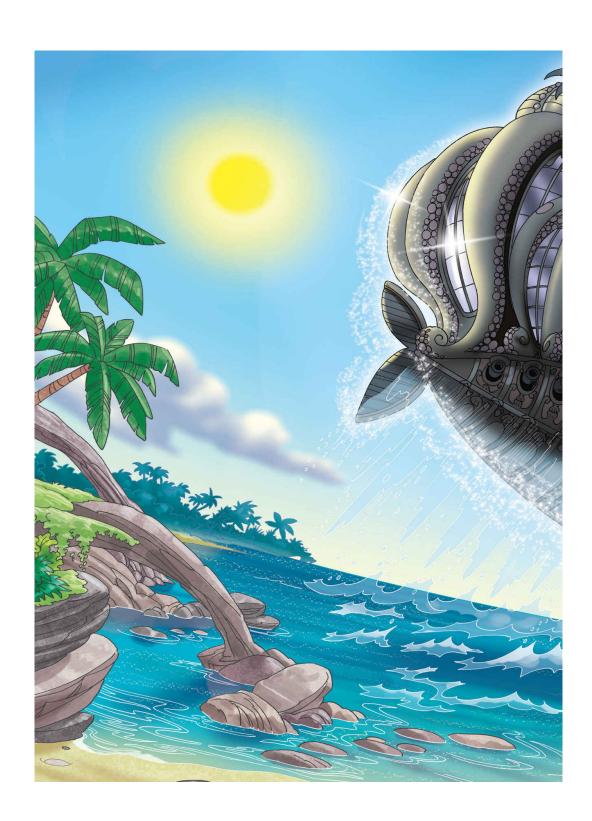
he hollered.

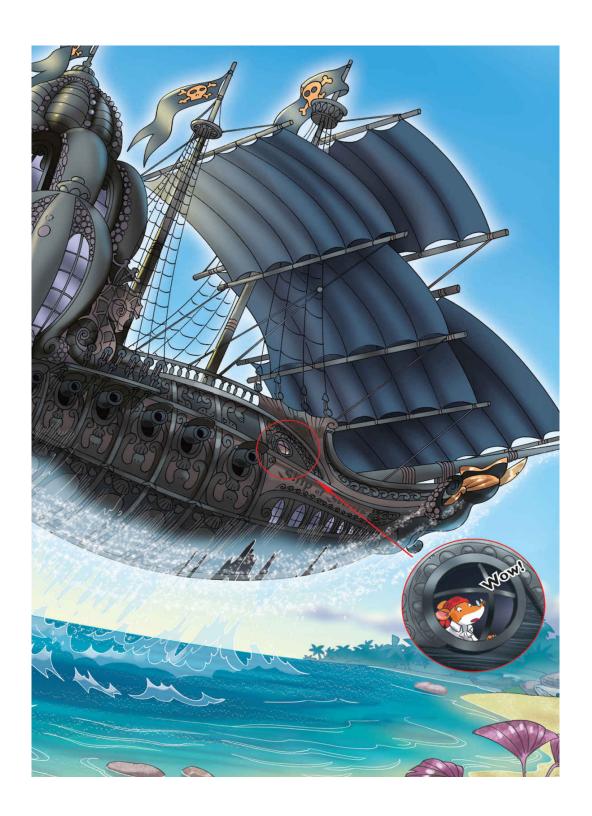
The sailors began to raise the sails while they sang:



A second later, the floor underneath me began to shake.









Captain Shorttail cackled merrily as the ship sailed through the air.

"Squeak McCompass!" he growled. "Route us toward the

WHOPPING WIZARD!"

Then he turned to Melinda.

"We're bringing you to the **WHOPPING WIZARD!**" he explained. "He's used up almost all of the **VANILLA DUST** we gave him. He needs you to make more for him! In exchange, the Whopping Wizard will share his vanilla dust with me so that the *Ship of Secrets* will **fly forever!**

Poor Melinda!

	88

"Don't worry!" I told her. "We'll think of a way out of this "FIRE" situation. **RODENT'S HONOR!**"

"Captain Shorttail, you are the **meanest**, most **evil**, most **ferocious** pirate in the Kingdom of Fantasy!" Chef Greasypaw said admiringly.

"Do you think so?" Captain Shorttail replied proudly.

"Yes, you're the **best** — we mean, the **worst**!" the pirates all cried together.



"Well, some say the Whopping Wizard is even **SCARIER** and more **evil** than you, Captain," Pierre Pawmouth squeaked. As soon as he had said it, he clapped his paw over his mouth.

"What did you say?" Captain Shorttail thundered. His fur turned **PURPLE** with rage.

"Blimey!" Nelly Nimblepaws said. "He didn't Mean it, Captain!"

"Yeah, don't get ANGRY, boss," William Windysnout added.

I was watching the pirates argue from the kitchen window. **Rancid ricotta!** I had to think of a plan to save myself — and Princess Melinda!

For days and days, we sailed through the sky. I tried to speak with Melinda every day, but Captain Shorttail had ordered Brad Brawnywhiskers to act as her **bodyguard** at all times. I couldn't get in one **squeak!**

One afternoon, we docked the ship in a hidden

bay so the crew could take a rest. Just before sunset, Brad Brawnywhiskers **dozed** off while leaning against the main mast.

"Psst, Flycatcher!" Melinda called. "Um, I mean, Sir Geronimo! Do you have a **plan** yet?"

I tried to reassure her. "I'm working on it, PRINCESS!" I squeaked. "I just know I'll come up with something soon. Rodent's honor!"





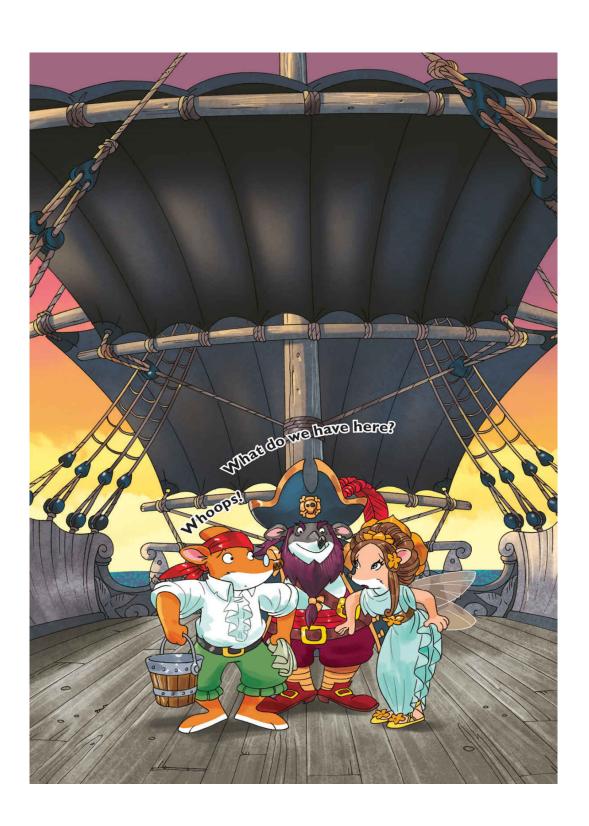
You're Shark Meat!

Despite my reassurances, Sweet Melinda still looked down in the snout.

"Do you really think you can Save us, Knight?" she asked. "I've heard the Whopping Wizard is very powerful, and even **SCARIER** than Captain Shorttail! We're running out of time!"

"Of course I can save us!" I squeaked. I didn't know how I would do it, but I had to say **SOMETHING** to make Melinda feel better. She looked so **UNHAPPY!**

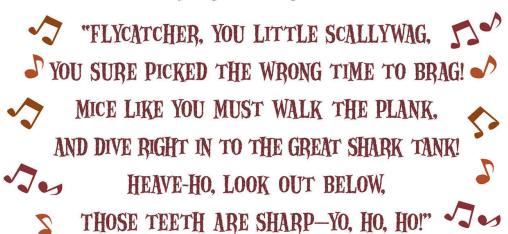
"I'm a brave mouse who is friends with *Queen Blossom*! I'm not afraid of the **WHOPPING**WIZARD!" I continued boastfully. "And I'm not afraid of a Silly little pirate like Captain Shorttail, either!"

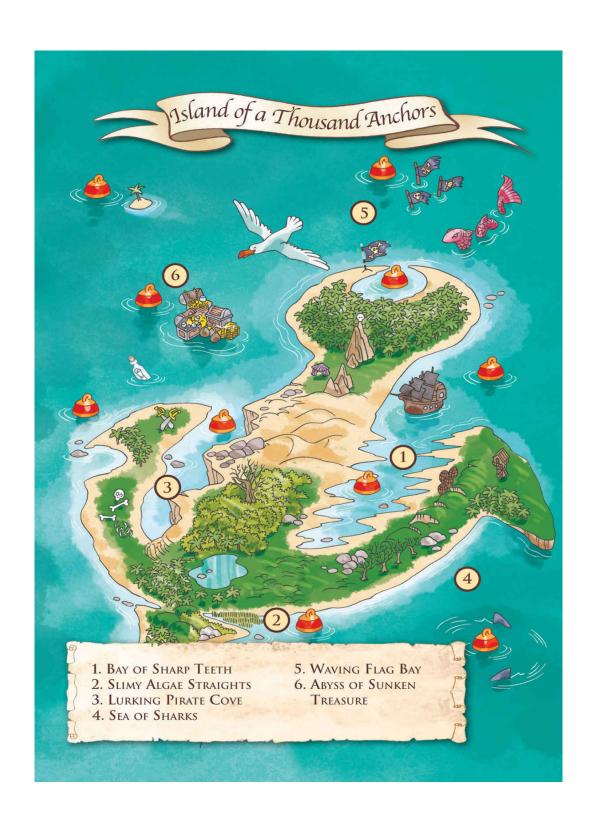


Suddenly, I heard a SOUND behind me. Of course it was **CAPTAIN SHORRTAIL!**

I spun around. He snarled at me **ferociously**. "Well, well, well," Captain Shorttail chuckled. "What do we have here? It's Flycatcher the deckhand. Turns out he's **friends** with Queen Blossom, an **enemy** of the Whopping Wizard! Oh, and he's not afraid of anything or anyone, not even a ferocious pirate like **me**!"

"Flycatcher, you're shark meat!" the pirate crew cried. Then they began to sing:





You're Shark Meat!

I looked out at the sea and went pale. The waves roiled with **huge sharks** with open mouths full of **RAZOR-5HARP** teeth!

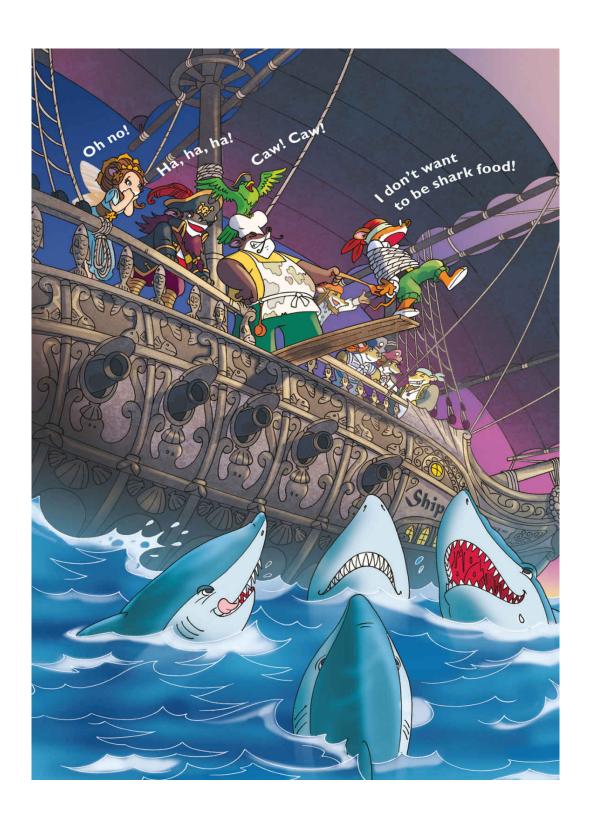
Moldy mozzarella, that's why it's called the **BAY OF SHARP TEETH!**

I turned to face Captain Shorttail.

"D-dear C-captain," I stuttered. "Yes, of course I know Blossom, but regarding the Whopping Wizard, well, I haven't yet had the **PLEASUPE** of meeting him! Maybe he and I will become **BEST** FRIENDS! And as for being a courageous mouse, well, I'm actually not very **BRAVE**. Come to think of it, I'm **REALLY** not much of a swimmer, either . . . "

The pirates **ignored** me. Brad Brawnywhiskers tied me up and blindfolded me with a stinky bandanna. Then Chef Greasypaw prodded me onto the plank with his sharp, pointy FORK!

"Hurry up, Flycatcher!" he snarled. "The sharks



WANT

You're Shark Meat

TO

ΒE

SHARK

don't like to wait for their dinner!"

"Caw!" Salty **Squawked** in agreement.

I **trembled** in fear as I walked out to the tip of the plank.

"HEEEEEEEEEELP! I DON'T WANT TO BE SHARK FOOD!"

I cried.

"Too late, rodent!" Captain Shorttail replied.

"In a little bit, they will **chew up** your fur and bones. Tee, hee, hee! These sharks just **adore** mouse meat!"

"Moodooo" I cried as I fell off the plank. What a way to go!

DON POODOON POODOON POO iDOD! HODDOD! NODDOQ! POODOOK FOODOOK DOI NOODOO! NOODOO DI HOOOON IOOOON IOO W TOOOOOK TOOOOO! DOON FOODON FOODON LOCOCON LOCOCON NOODOJ NOODOJ NOOG HOOOOD! HOL NOODOO! NOODOO! NOO MODDOD! NODDOO! HOODOO! HOODOO Nooooooo!



THE BRIGADE OF CURIOUS SEAGULLS

Just as I was about to land in the icy water, I heard a strange sound.

"Squawk! Quick, catch that mouse by the tail. Squawk!"

A second later, a pointy beak grabbed me by the tail and

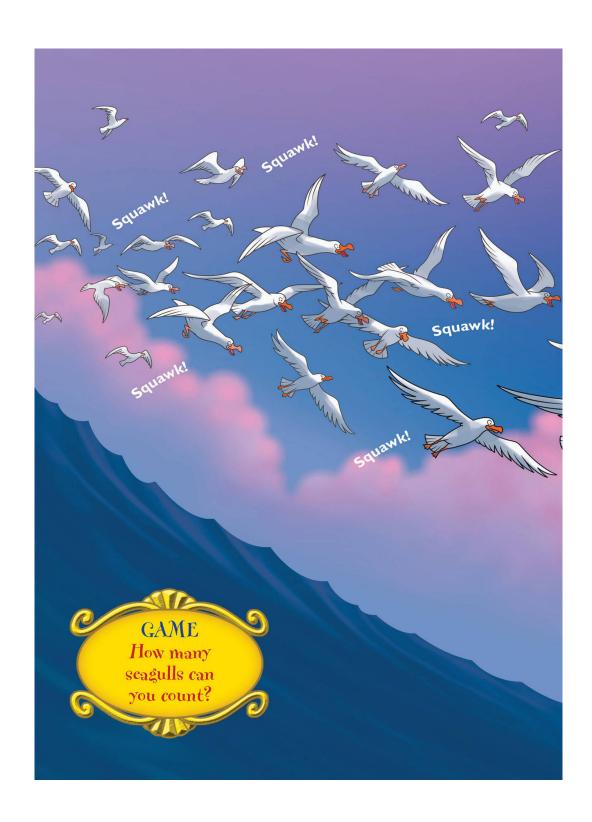


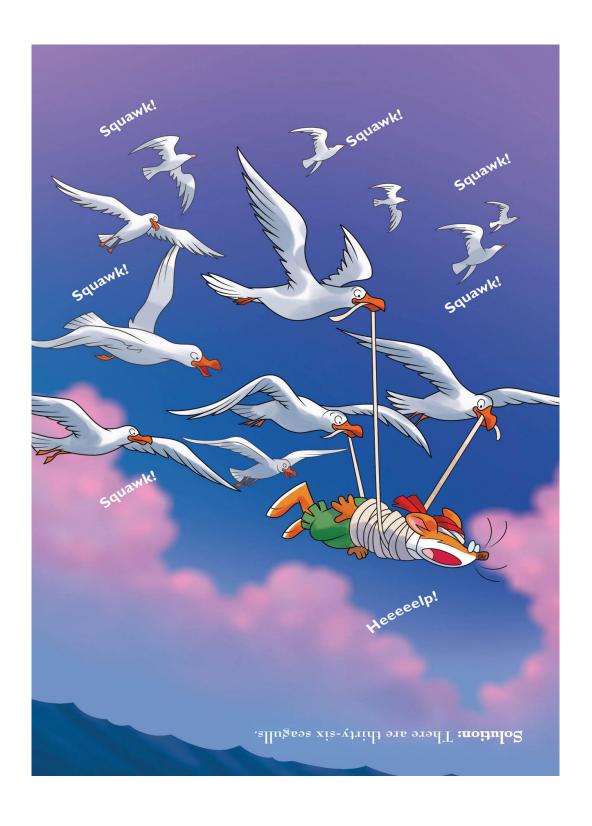
I was still blindfolded, so I couldn't see a thing. "Heeeeeeeelp!" I squeaked. What was happening? Was I being rescued? Or was I being mousenapped? A webbed foot pushed the blindfold off my eyes. I saw that I was dangling in midair thanks to a group of seagulls! They flew around me in a giant flock. The birds squawked in a chorus: "Don't be afraid, Knight! You're under the protection of the BRIGADE OF CURIOUS

The seagulls carried me through the sky for

SEAGULL5! Squawk! Squawk!

Squawk!"



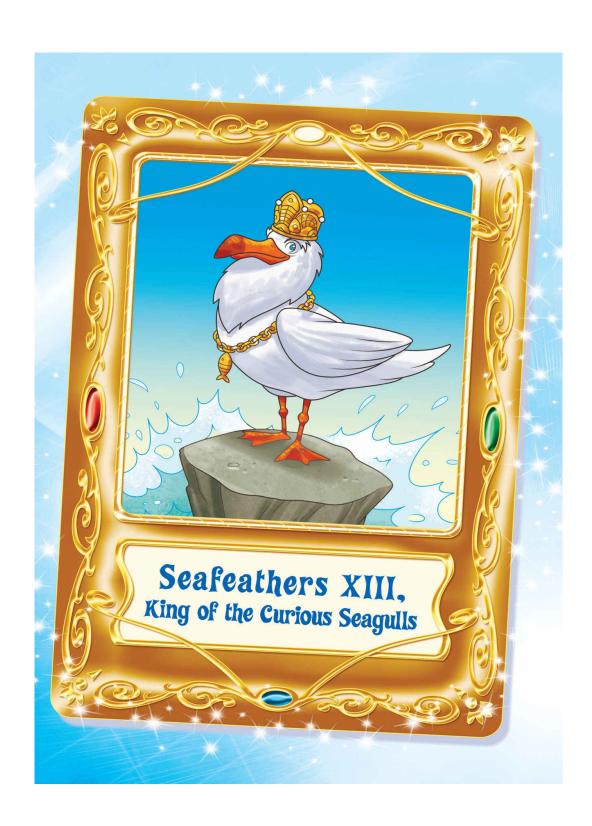


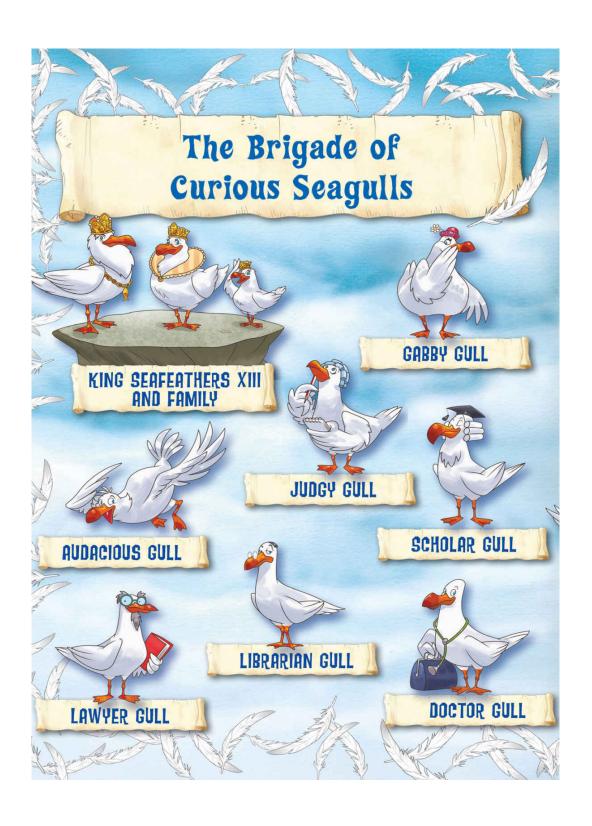
the entire night. The next morning, we finally **LANDED** on a beach.

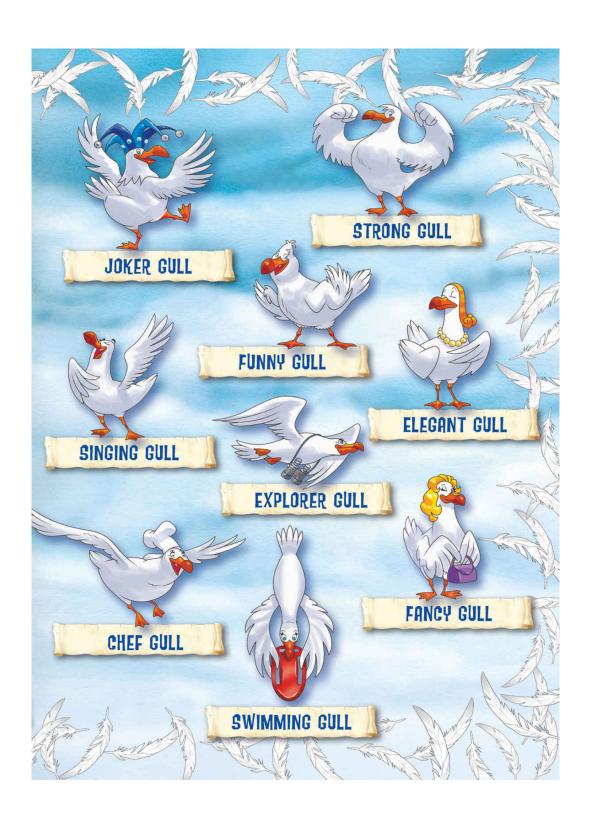
"Thank you!" I said gratefully. "You saved me!" A seagull wearing a GOLD CROWN on his head replied for everyone.

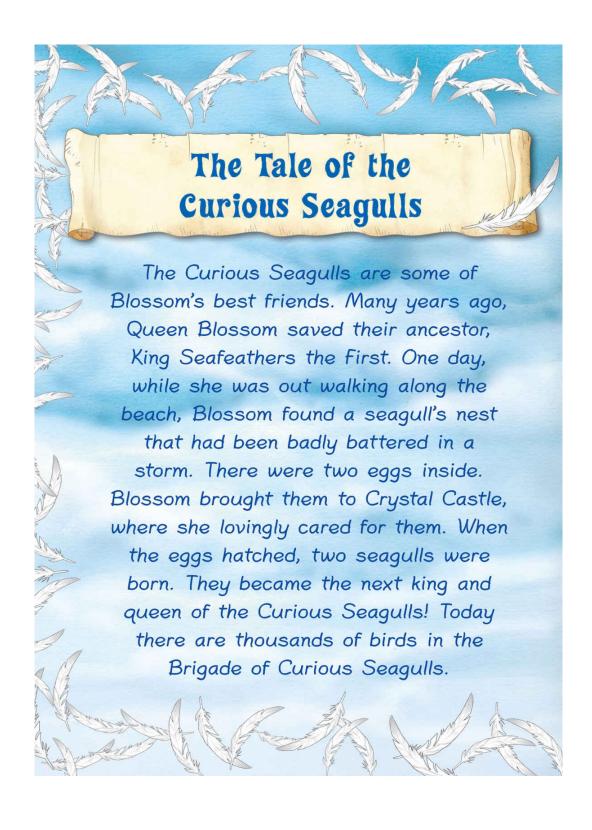
"My name is **Seafeathers the Eighth**," he said. "I am the king of the Curious Seagulls. It was our pleasure to **SAVE YOU**, Knight!"













"King Seafeathers, how did you know I was in DANGER?" I asked curiously.

"Squawk! You're famouse in the **Kingdom** of **Fantasy**, Knight!" King Seafeathers explained. "You've already saved our beloved Queen Blossom time and time again. The Curious Seagulls are the **Sentinels** of the **Sea**. Nothing that happens among the waves gets past us — we know all about it! So when we saw that the pirates were about to turn you into **Shark food**, we dove down to save you."

"Yes, it was the perfect **rescue mission**," the king's wife added. "And thank goodness, because in another second, the sharks would have **devoured** your tail!"

I shivered at that thought. What a close call!

2

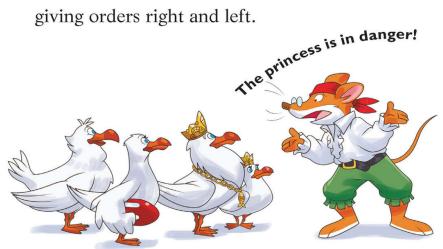


I immediately thought of Sweet Melinda. The pirates were still holding her **captive**!

"Friends, there's another life in danger on that boat — Sweet Melinda, Princess of the Vanilla Fairies!" I told the seagulls. "Please help me save her. Together, I know we can do it!"

"But of course!" King Seafeathers cawed solemnly. "I should have figured that out myself when I smelled **Vanilla** mixed in with the stench of the **Ship of Secrets!** Seagulls, prepare for another **Secrets!** "

The seagulls began to run **HERE** and **there**, giving orders right and left.



SEAGULL ATTACK!

"PATROL FORMATION!" one squawked.

"No, everyone in line first!" another argued.

"Prepare for the **OPEN-CLAW MANEUVER**," a third cawed.

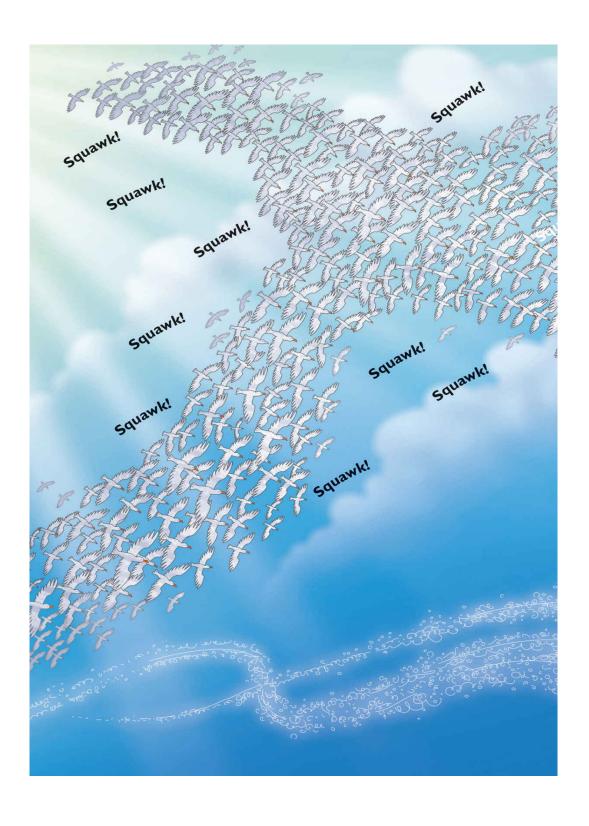
"It's time for the triple-corkscrew plunge and the pluck-a-feather pirouette!" a fourth seagull shouted gleefully.

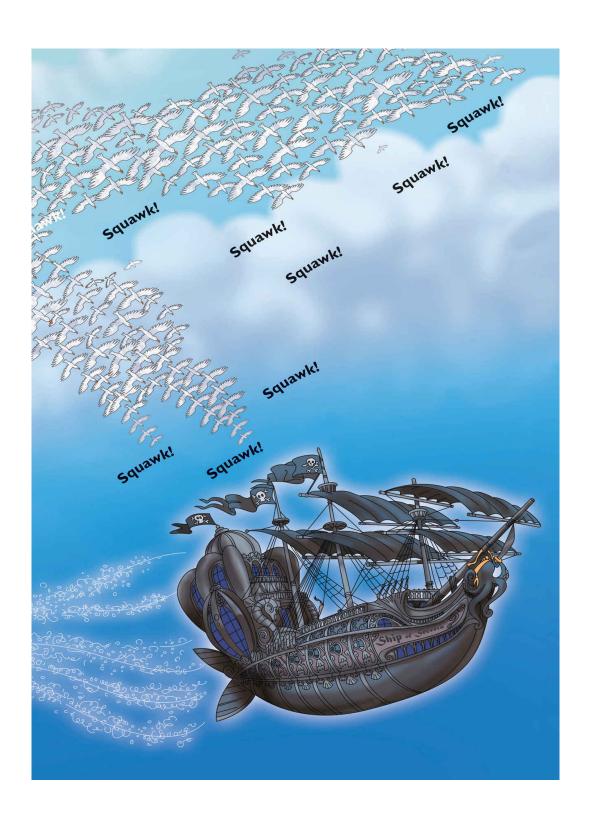
Then they all cawed together:

"SEAGULL ATTAAAAAAAAACK!"

The birds launched into flight and headed back toward the **Ship of Secrets**. They flew in the shape of a **COLOSSAL SEAGULL** with an open beak. As soon as they saw the ship, they dove down at top speed, crying:

"SQUAAAAAAKKWK!"







"SWASHBUCKLING SWORDS!" the pirates on the deck shrieked.

"Saaaave yourselves! Retreeeeat!"

A second later, the seagulls swept Princess Melinda into the air and flew her away from the *Ship of Secrets* to safety. The great flock of **SEAGULLS** descended onto the beach and placed Melinda down gently on the sand.



The fairy looked **Stunned** by what had happened.

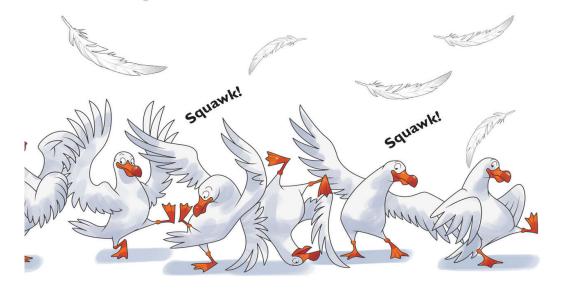
"Don't worry, Princess!" I reassured her.

"These are the Curious Seagulls, and they are our **friends**!"

"Yes, we're your friends forever!" the seagulls squawked in reply. "And you're our **f=r=i=e= n=d, friend!**"

Then they began to dance and sing, Waving their wings and **SQUAWKING** cheerfully.

Melinda smiled and clapped her paws with **delight** at the seagull's FUMMY song.



W

K

Κ

Friends Forever!

"I means together forever,"

R as in ready for whatever,

I like I'll be here always,

means even on your worse days,

N like you never have to be alone

as in just dial me on the phone!

SQUAAAAWKK!"

"How can I ever thank you, Knight?" she asked, her blue eyes brimming with tears. "When I called on you to come to the **Kingdom of Fantasy**, I knew you would try to help me, but I didn't think your life would be in **DANGER!** When I saw those pirates push you out to the **Edge** of that plank, I was afraid all was lost!"

"I, too, thought all was Lost, but the seagulls really saved our tails! Now that we've escaped

from the pirates, I would love to visit your friend *Blossom* so I can say hello. Maybe she can also help me get back to Mouse Island. My friend Creepella is probably wondering where I creepella is probably wondering where I to! She's a little high-strung, and I'm afraid she has a TERRIBLE habit of trying to bonk me in the snout with her purse when she's upset . . ."

"I think Blossom can HELP.
And I would love to see her myself. I can't wait to hug my

"It would be our **PLEASURE**to accompany you both to the
Kingdom of the Fairies," King Seafeathers told
us. "Blossom is our friend, too, and we haven't
seen her in **AGES!** But first let's have a seafood
feast to celebrate our new friendship!"



The seagulls pulled out a **red-and-white-checkered** tablecloth and spread it across the sand. Then the seagull chef fluttered toward us, holding a large tureen in his beak. It was full of steamy, hot, delicious **FISH SOUP**.

The seagulls gave us **Spoons** made of shells and carved mother-of-pearl **spoons**. Then they sprinkled sea salt on the soup and squawked a happy little song:

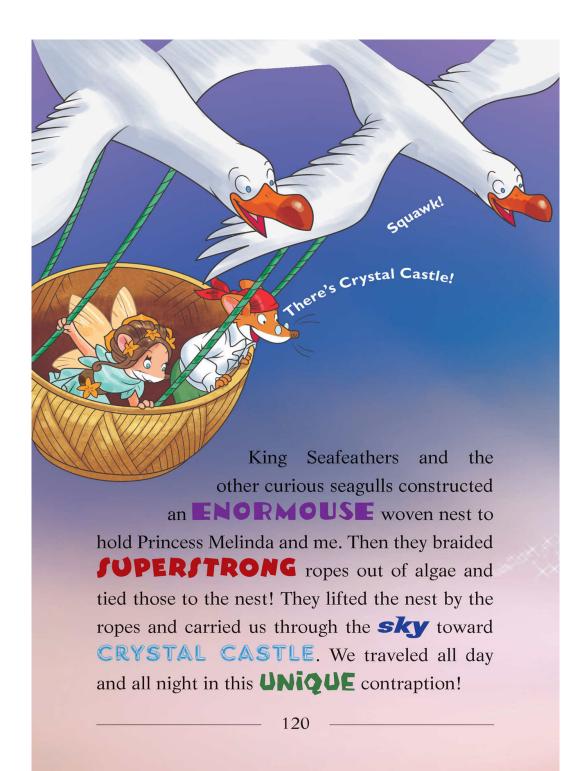
Our fish soup can't be beat!

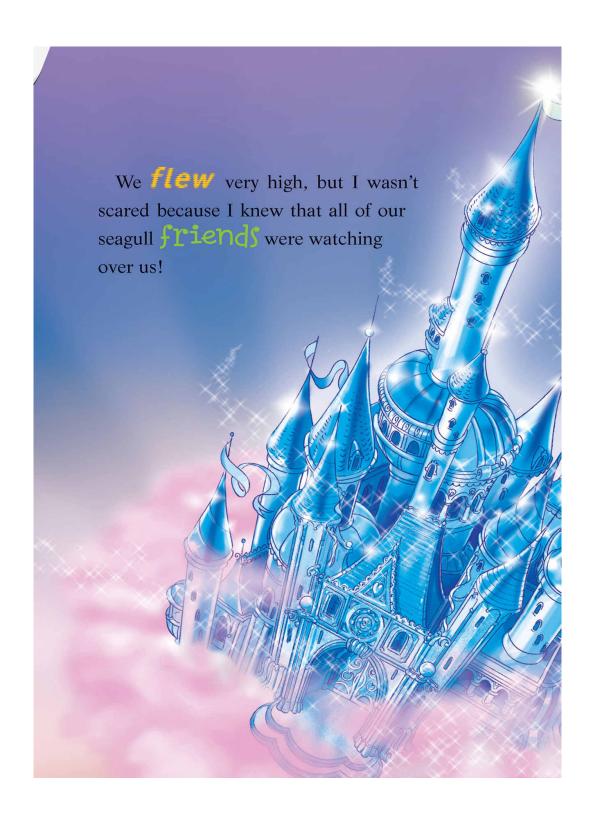
So go ahead and slurp it up.

There's plenty more to fill your cup!"

Once we were finished eating, we prepared for our journey to Queen Blossom's CRYSTAL CASTLE.







A Special Reunion

The seagulls placed the nest GENTLY on the roof of Crystal Castle, and Melinda and I hopped out. As we thanked the seagulls for their help, someone I knew very well scampered up to us. It was my friend Scribblehopper the frog! He was accompanied by two other friends — Boils the chameleon and Chatterclaws the crab.

"Knight!" Scribblehopper croaked breathlessly.

"Listen up! We have a really, really big problem —"

"Yeah, it's really **BIG!**" Boils interjected. "Let me tell him about it. I'll explain it **BETTER!** Knight, it's a problem only you can —"

"Wait a second!" Chatterclaws shouted, interrupting both of them. "I'll tell him about the thingamabob. I mean, the whatchamacallit. You know, the really gigantic **problem!**"

At that moment, a fourth voice joined the chorus. This voice was soft and sweet.

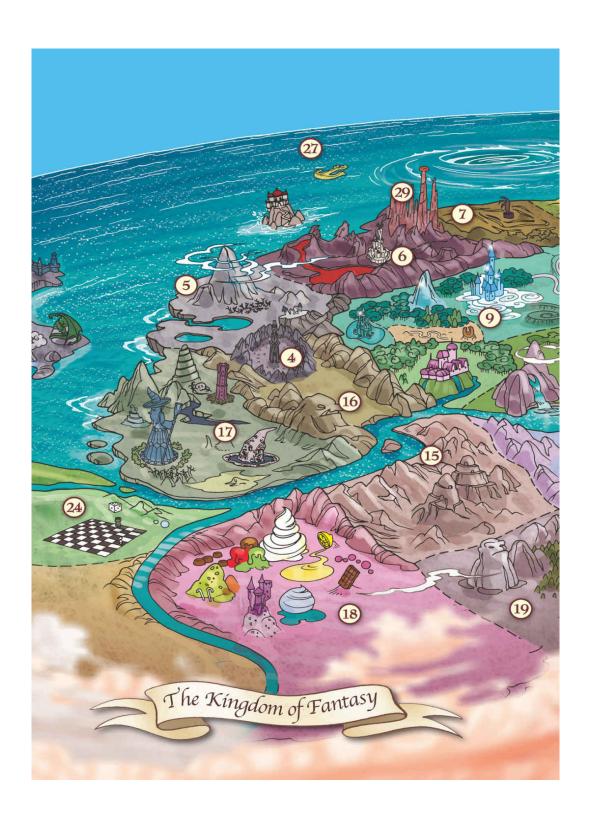
"Friends, let's give the knight a chance to **rest** for a minute. He must be tired from his trip. There's still time to explain the **TERRIBLE** problems facing the citizens of the Kingdom of Fantasy and ask for his help."

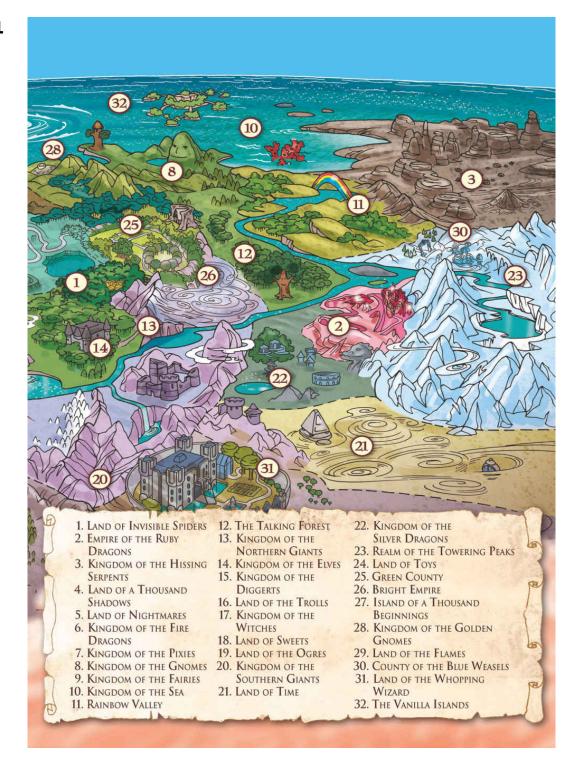


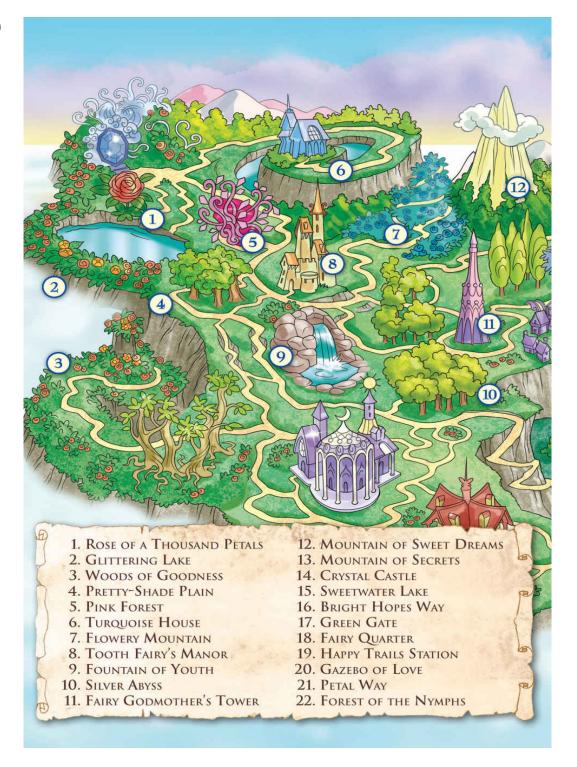
most beautiful fair in the world: Queen Blossom!

The Queen of the Fairies had LONG hair that was as BLUE as the summer sky and eyes the color of bluebells. Her wings fluttered delicately behind her, and she was wearing a long, rustling silk dress. She wore a crown of roses on her head, and CRYSTAL SLIPPERS on her feet.











A FAIRY'S TEARS

I knelt down before Queen Blossom and kissed her hand, which smelled like roses.

"My queen, it's so wonderful to see you again," I greeted her. "I'm so glad I'm able to see you before I **RETURN HOME!**"

She smiled, but her eyes were very worried.

"Knight, I wish I didn't have to do this, but I'm afraid I have to ask for your HELP again!" she said sadly.

"What is it, **Queen Blossom**?" I asked, concerned.

"I'm in trouble, Knight," she admitted. "I need to ask you to stay here in the **Kingdom of Fantasy** a little longer."

I hesitated. On the one PAW, of course I wanted to help. But on the other PAW, I knew



that **CREEPELLA** was waiting for me back in New Mouse City. Plus, I missed my other friends and family. I was looking forward to seeing them **again**. And I had to get back to work at *The Rodent's Gazette*!

I was deep in thought when Princess Melinda
TUGGED on my shirt impatiently.

"Please say you'll stay, Knight!" she implored me. "Well, of course I'd

like to," I mumbled. "But **CREEPELLA** is waiting at the ball . . . and then





there's my family . . . and I have so much work to do at the newspaper . . ."

"Oh, Creepella is such a **nice** name!" Melinda squeaked. "She must be lovely. Is she your girlfriend?"

"No!" I replied, a bit too **QUICKLY**. "I mean, she's just a friend. And, uh, yes, **LOVELY** is one way to, er, describe her. She does have a **STRONG PERSONALITY!**"

Blossom sighed.

"It's not important then, Knight," she said. "Of course you should go home to your **friends** and family! You've already done so much for me and for the Kingdom of Fantasy. It isn't **fair** for me to ask you to do any more!"

"Please, Knight," Melinda whispered. "I beg you to **stay**! If Queen Blossom is asking, it must be **IMPORTANT**!"

Blossom smiled, though her eyes were still Sad.



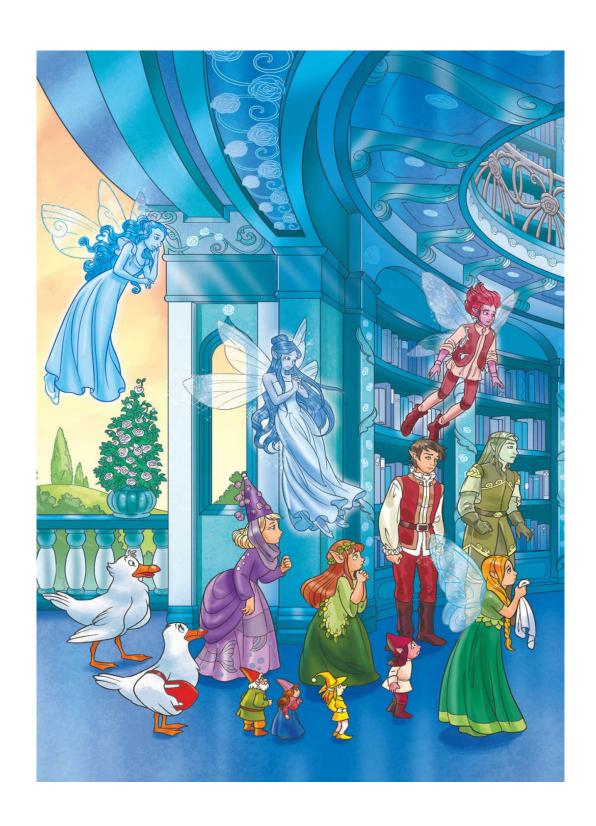
"I won't keep you any longer, Knight," she said.
"In fact, if you'd like, I can send you **home** right now."

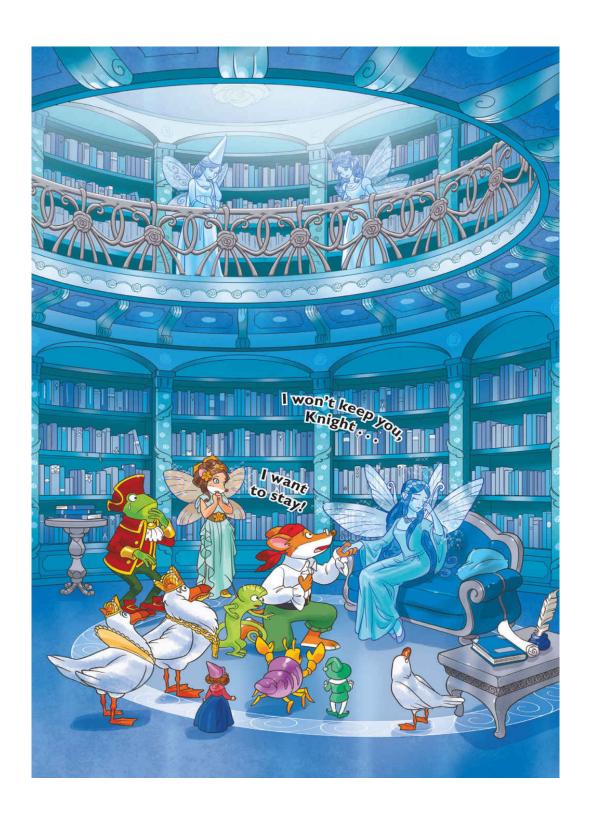
She raised her **magic wand**. I knew if she waved it and said the right **spell**, I would return to New Mouse City in the **BLiNK** of an eye.

But then I saw it: A tiny TEAR slipped down the queen's cheek.

"Wait!" I cried. "I want to **STAY**! I'll do whatever it takes to help you and the **Kingdom** of **Fantasy**, Queen Blossom!"









"Oh, thank goodmouse," Melinda squeaked happily. "I'm so glad you'll stay!"

Blossom looked directly into my eyes.

"I don't know how to thank you, Sir Geronimo!" she said.

Then she placed her hand on her **heart** and smiled.

"Our **HEARTS** are united," she continued.

"They beat together as one, like the hearts of all **friends** who care for each other!"





Now that I had decided to stay, I was anxious to find out what the queen needed.

"What can I do for you, Queen Blossom?" I asked.

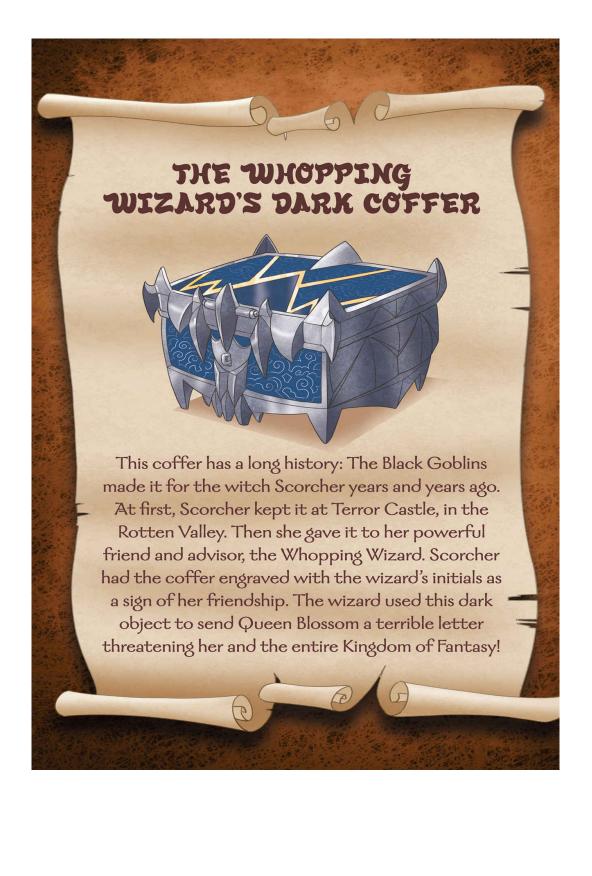
She showed me a small black coffer.

"The Whopping Wizard sent me a letter in this coffer," she explained gravely. "He wants to steal many of the most **precious treasures** in the Kingdom of Fantasy. Then he intends to take over my throne!"

Holey cheese! This wizard sounded scarier than a thousand **HUNCRY** cats!

"Can you tell me more about him?" I asked. She shook her head.

"I know almost nothing about the mysterious



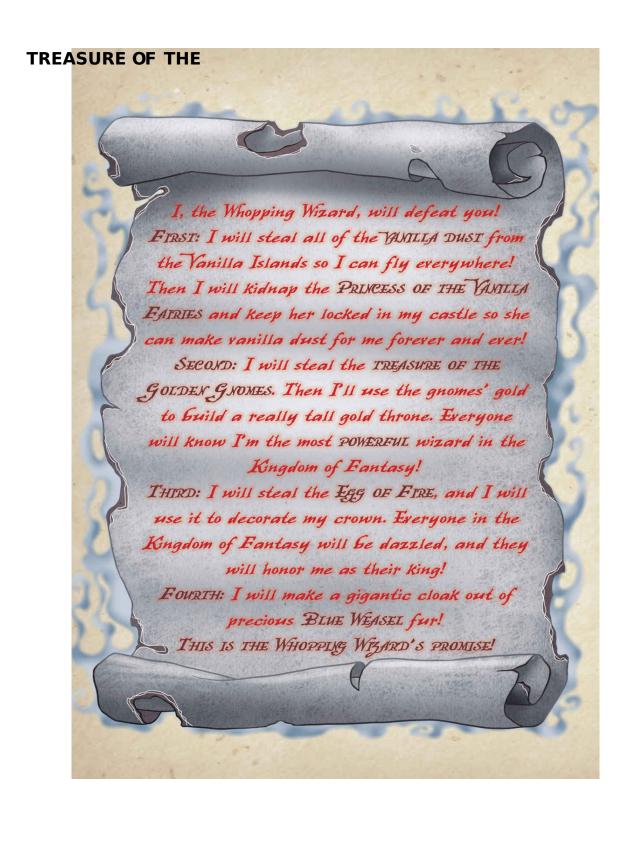
Whopping Wizard," she explained. "All I know is that he lives in a town near the **KINGDOM OF THE SOUTHERN GIANTS** and that he's absolutely massive!"

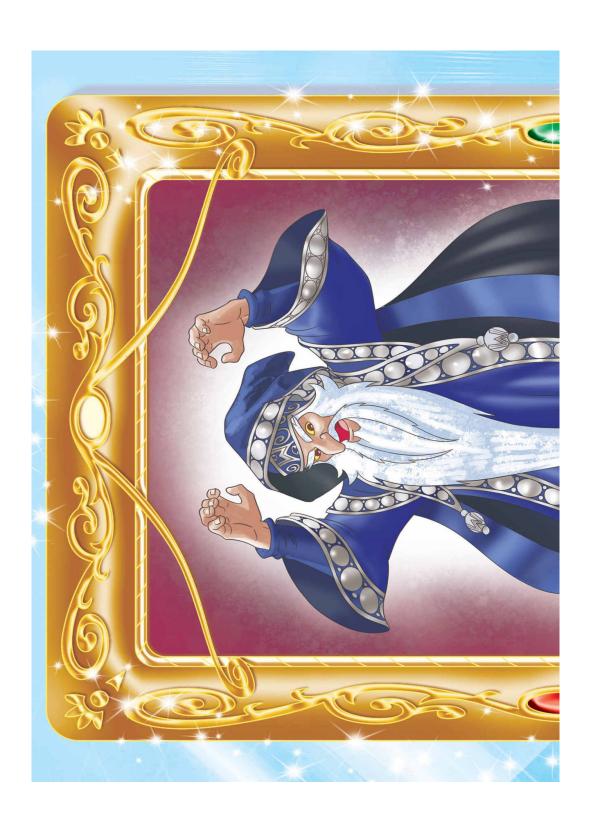
"Not even the largest of the Southern Giants is as tall or as **STRONG** as the Whopping Wizard!" Queen Blossom continued. "And now he has sent me a direct challenge: He intends to **CONQUET** my kingdom so he can name himself King of the Kingdom of Fantasy! Here, look for yourself . . ."

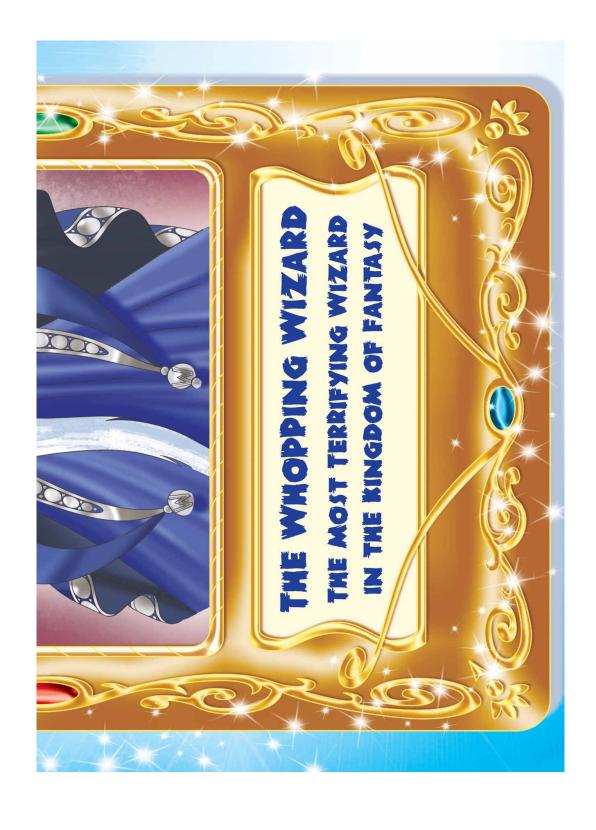
She opened the coffer and showed me a gray, burned scroll that smelled like smoke. I read it and turned as pale as a slice of mozzarella.

Then I turned to Blossom.

"Tell me, what can I do for you, my queen?" I asked. "Do you want me to travel to all the towns in the Kingdom of Fantasy and let them know that the **WHOPPING WIZARD** has plans to *take over* the kingdom?"









THE SEVEN DRAGONFLY PRINCESSES

Blossom looked me directly in the **EYE**.

"Yes, Knight," she said seriously. "I need you to travel around the kingdom, alerting everyone that the Whopping Wizard could **strike** at any moment. First you must go warn the Golden Gnomes that their precious **gold** treasure is in danger!"

He saved many times, too,

The knight many times, too,

Till leave as soon as possible."

"WONDERFUL!"

Blossom said. "I don't know how to *thank you*

for all you've done already."

"But I haven't done anything yet," I said, confused.

"Of **COURSE** you have!" Sweet Melinda replied.
"I'm the princess the Whopping Wizard planned to **LOCK** in his castle!"

Queen Blossom hugged Melinda.

"Yes, thank you for saving my **DEAR** friend!" Blossom told me. "You've already partly **foiled** the Whopping Wizard and his **EVIL** plan! But you must leave right away if you want to stop him **AGAIN**. Here is your armor."

She handed it to me, and I put it on.

"I'll call the seven **Dragonfly Princesses**," she continued. "They will drive you around the Kingdom of Fantasy in their **Golden Dragonfly Chariot**."

Then she clapped her hands and the dragonfly princesses **fluttered** into the room.



"Here we are, quick and lively, fluttering through the sky. We are one; we are many. We're the seven dragonflies!"

They circled around me, their wings fluttering **cheerfully**.

Just then, I heard Scribblehopper.

"Make way, make way!" the frog cried. "Here comes the **Golden Dragonfly Chariot**!"

A moment later, Scribblehopper pulled an extraordinary carriage into the room!

He was accompanied by **Prism** the chameleon, who was serving as flight attendant, and the



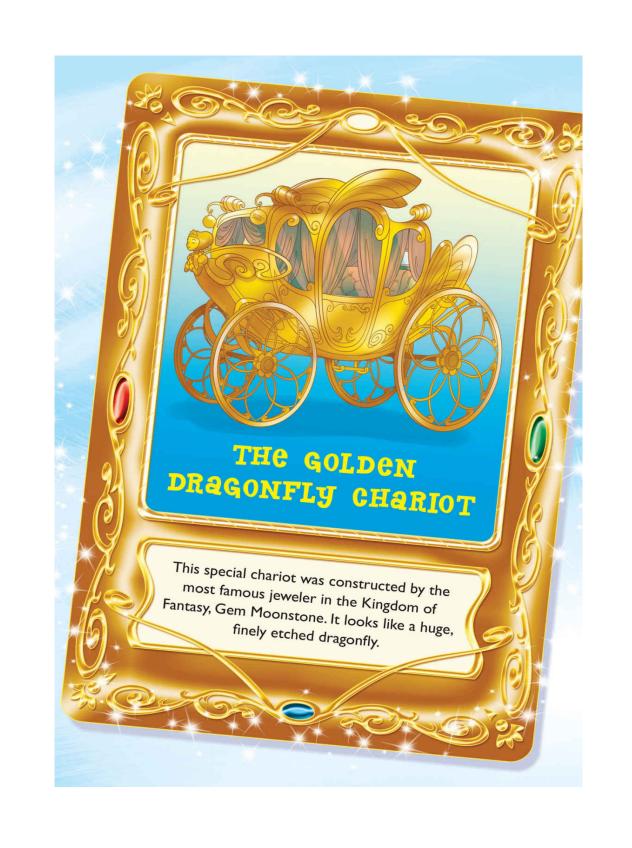


then pushed me aboard.

"Come on, let's go, Knight!" Scribblehopper croaked. "Prepare yourself: This trip is going to have a few UPS and a few DOWNS, with a lot of turbulence in between!"







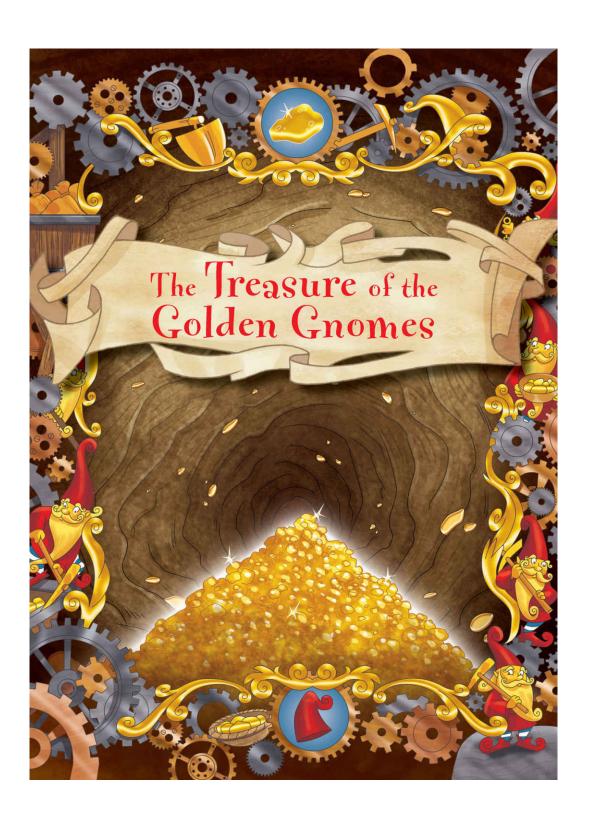
Before the Golden Dragonfly
Chariot pulled away, Blossom
gave me a precious RING
decorated with a magnificent
rose. It was Engage AVED

with Blossom's name in the Fantasian Alphabet.*

"Take this ring, Knight," she told me. "Everyone in the kingdom will recognize my official close that you, this ring will help you PROVE that you're traveling in my name!"

I thanked the queen and tucked the ring **SAFELY** under my armor. A second later, the chariot took off! We were heading straight for the **Kingdom of the Golden Gnomes** to warn them about the Whopping Wizard!

*You can find the Fantasian Alphabet on page 3	1		1	1	1	1	1	1		31.		L	1			,))	5	3	3	4	-	4	-	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	,	,	4	4	4	1	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	1	4	-	,	-	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	3	3	3	4	4	3	3	3	3	5	5)))	,	,																		,	,))	,))	5	4	4	4	-	4	3	-	4	-	. /				1)	2	(,	3	Ę	l	2	6)	r	,		l)	ľ))	(-		t	1	2	e)	Ł	1	a	lá)	ł)
--	---	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	-----	--	---	---	--	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	-----	--	--	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	---	---	---





For ***even days** and ***even n**sht*s**, we traveled across that mythical, magical, wonderful golden carriage pulled by the seven **Dragonfly Princesses** . . . As they pulled the Golden Dragonfly Chariot, the princesses sang:



"Here we are, quick and lively,
Fluttering through the sky.
We are one; we are many.
We're the seven dragonflies!
Seven sisters, all princesses,
United by pure hearts.
In harmony we fly together;
We'll never be apart!"



I Don't Want to Be a Mouse Omelet!

It was an extraordinary trip, but it was also very long. I had a **headache** from Prism's chatter and from **Batty Matty's** strange tunes! Plus I was feeling chariotsick from all the **TURBULENCE**.



Prism offered me a **smoothie**. "No, thanks," I said politely.

"But you'll love it, Knight!" Prism insisted. "I added some red ants for extra flavor, and some scorpion saliva to help with digestion!"

I was already as **GREEN** as a lizard, but just thinking about that smoothie made me turn three shades **DARKER!** Now I really looked like the **FROG PRINCE!**

As the chariot continued to hurtle along at supersonic speeds, Batty Matty started singing about **Graves**.

"Oh, oh, toward the cemetery we go,

We're moving so fast — not at all slow!

If we should crash,

It'll happen in a flash,

And we'll share a nice grave down below!"

At dawn on the eighth day, we flew over a wonderful landscape. There were enormouse, wide-open **green fields** as far as the eye could see. The dragonflies slowed their flight, aiming toward a round hill in the middle of the fields.

"There's our first stop, **GOLDEN GPAIN HILL**," Scribblehopper cried. "It's the **Secret entrance** to the gnomes' gold mines!

"But if the entrance is a secret, how will we find it?" I asked.

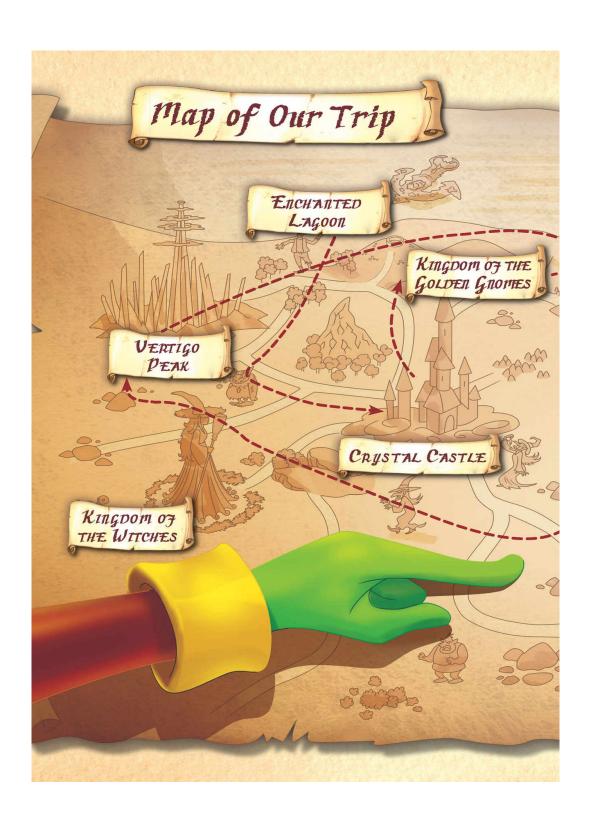
Scribblehopper looked OFFENDED.

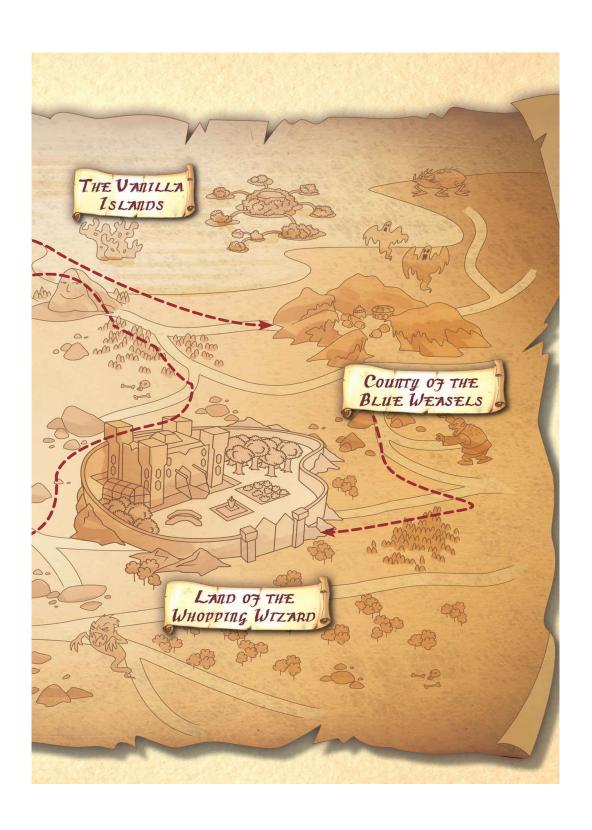
"I, Scribblehopper, know **EVERYTHING** about the Kingdom of Fantasy!" he crowed confidently. "Why else do you think Queen Blossom sent me with you?"

Then he began to **rummage** in his jacket pockets. Finally, he produced a large map that marked the itinerary of our trip.

"Look carefully at this map," he said. "All the **DANGERS** we will confront are marked: ugly ogres, **WITCHES** hungry for fresh mouse meat, castles full of **howling ghosts**, headless knights, and **TROLLS** with breath so bad it will make you faint.





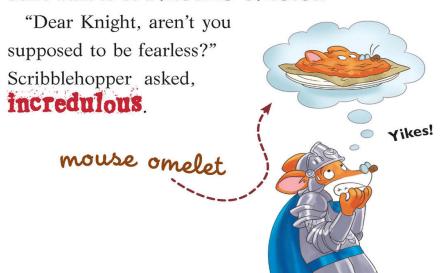


The dragonflies headed for a **Well** at the top of Golden Grain Hill.

"This well is the **Secret entrance** that will take us straight to the gnomes," Scribblehopper revealed. "But we have to hit the exact **center** of the well, or . . . trust me, you don't want to know!"

OH, great Goupa! What if we weren't able to do it? Would we Crash into the ground?

"T-tell the dragonflies to slow down," I ordered Scribblehopper, my teeth chattering with fear. "I don't want to be a **mouse omelet!**"





"Ahem, yes, I guess, well, I suppose I do have a **REPUTATION** for being brave, but . . ."

Scribblehopper **GOVERED** his ears.

"Well, then, I'll pretend I didn't hear you begging for your life, as scared as a **rat** caught in a **TRAP**!" Scribblehopper winked at me. "I know you have a reputation to uphold. Your **SECRET** is safe with me!"

I tried to pry his fingers from his ears. When that didn't **work**, I jumped up and down, waving at him **desperately**.

"No, no, no, no, Scribblehopper," I squeaked.

"DON'T WORRY about my reputation!

Worry about what's going to happen to us if this chariot goes **Splat!**"

But Scribblehopper was a true **friend**. He thought he was doing me a favor by **NOt Listening**! Instead, he began to sing a ridiculous song:



"La, la, I don't hear you.

Oh, Knight, you're so brave!

I really can't hear you,

There's no need to wave!

I'm plugging my ears now,

That's what I must do!

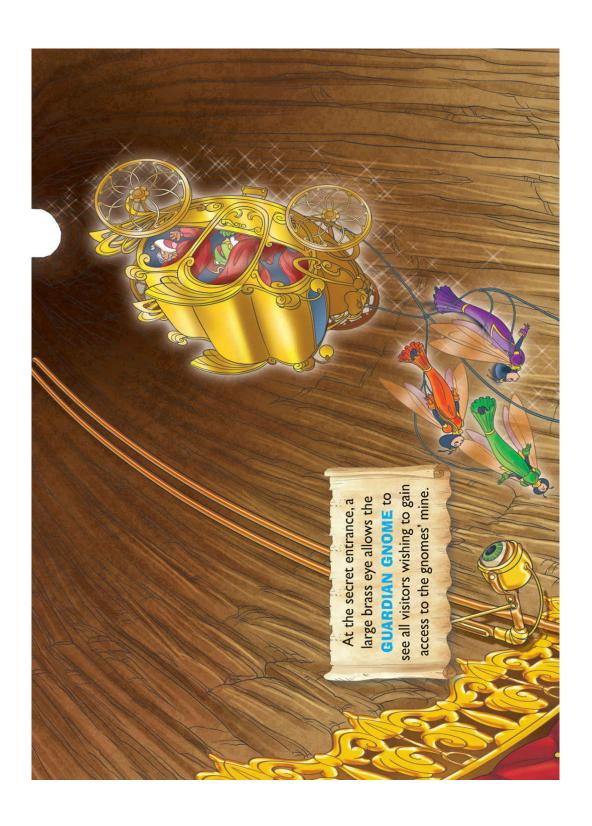
Your secret is safe —

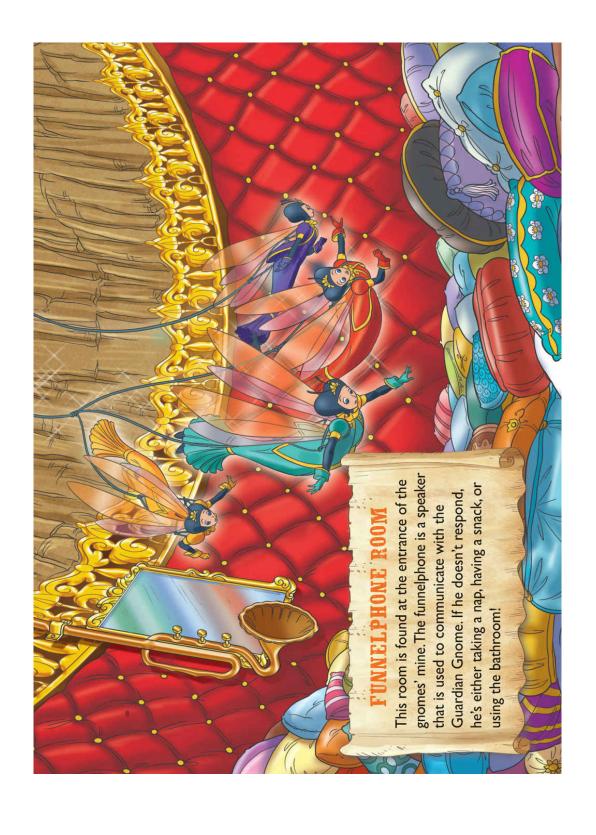
I'm a friend, through and through!"



A second later, the chariot zoomed **straight** into the black center of the secret entrance.

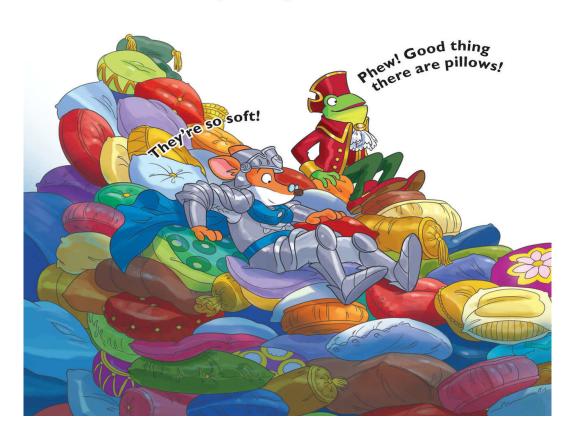
The Dragonfly Princesses had done it!

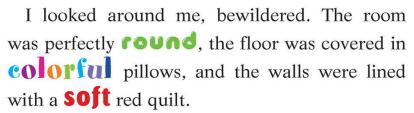






Instead of crashing into the ground, the chariot bounced to a **gentle** stop atop an enormous mountain of very **soft** pillows!

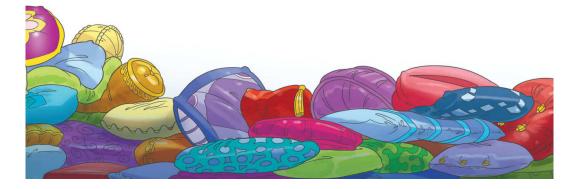


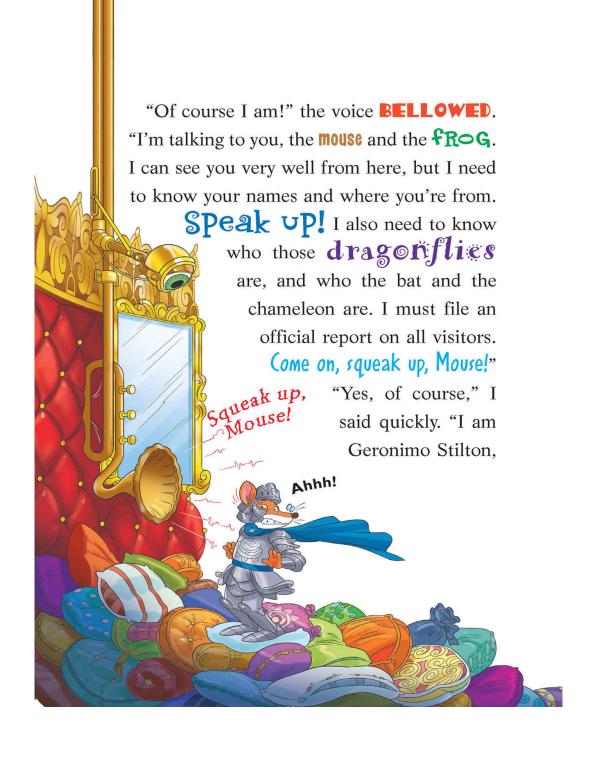


"Hey, you!" a voice cried. "Introduce yourselves! I am the Guardian Gnome, and I must know your names and where you come from. Come on, hurry up! I'm very busy. I don't have all day!"

The voice came from the **funcione**. This brass funnel was connected to a lens in the shape of an eye. It enabled the Guardian Gnome to see and hear us.

"Are you talking to **US**?" I asked, unsure of myself.



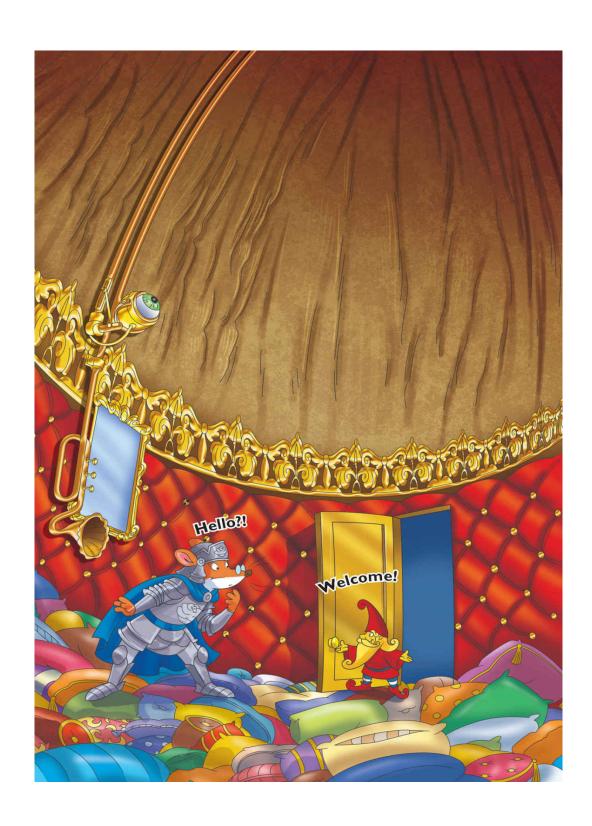




uh, I mean, Sir Geronimo of Stilton. I hail from New Mouse City, and I am on a secret mission on behalf of **Queen Blossom**. My companions are Scribblehopper, a literary frog; Batty Matty, a singing bat; Prism, a flight attendant; and the seven Dragonfly Princesses from Sweetwater Lake."

"Yippee!" the Guardian Gnome shouted suddenly. "Are you **really** the fearless knight who has been sent by Queen Blossom? We've been waiting for you! I'll be right there to let you in!"

A second later, a door in the padded wall opened and we saw the smiling face of a **golden** gnome. He had Round cheeks, bushy eyebrows, and a very **long** beard . . . and he was completely gold! He wore a RED tunic, a matching **RED** hat with a rolled tip, and **BLUE** tights with white stripes.





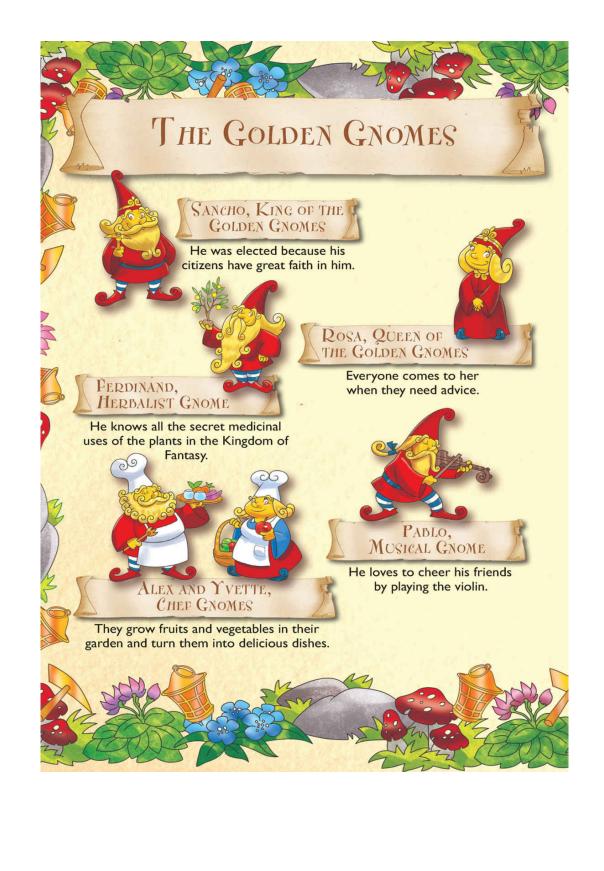
Yourselves!

He bowed when he saw me.

"Knight, please FORGIVO me," he said. "I didn't recognize you. I imagined someone taller, stronger, and, well, more **FEARLESS**-LOOKING than a mouse in glasses! But that doesn't matter — the important thing is that you're here. Come in, come in!"

Scribblehopper giggled.

"Ha, ha, ha, Knight," he said. "You see? I'm not the only one who thinks you look a little too scared for a knight!"







THE GNOME HOME

Scribblehopper and I left Prism, Batty Matty, and the dragonflies in the **funcione** room and followed the gnome through the door.

"The knight is here!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

Many gnomes ran to meet us — there were young gnomes and old gnomes, LARGE gnomes and small gnomes.



"Welcome!" they all yelled as they lifted me up and carried me on their shoulders **JOYFULLY**.

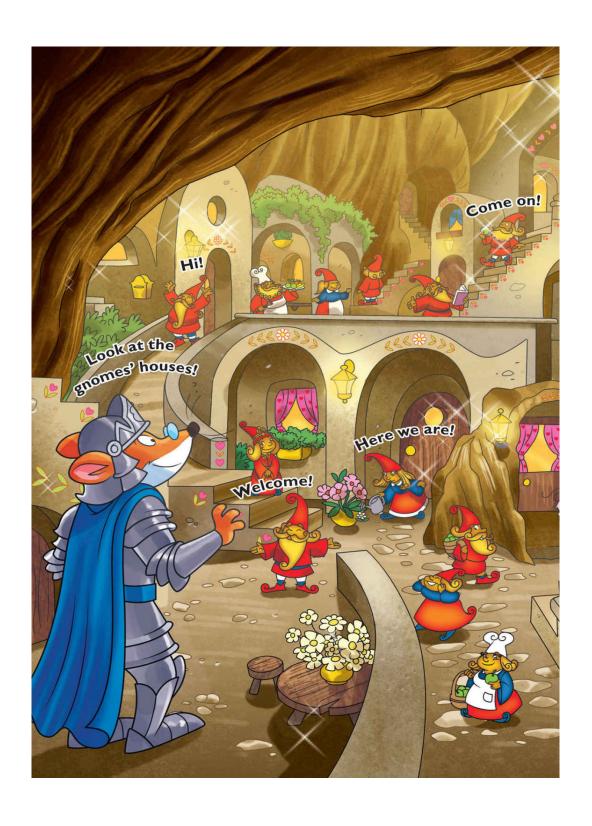
They led me triumphantly down a dark, GUPVY corridor until we came out in an immense underground cave!

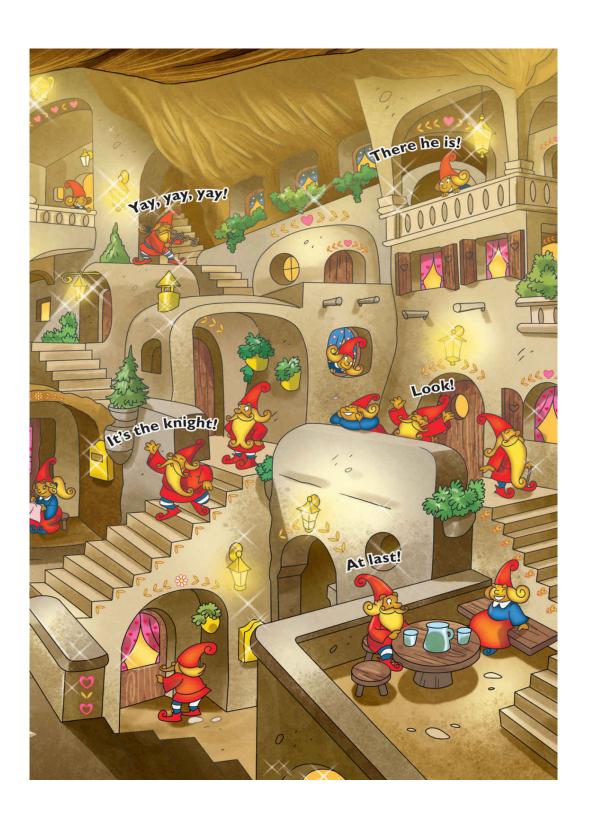
The tall rock walls were full of tiny little doors and LIT WINDOWS: This is where all the gnomes lived!

When we reached the Throne Room, two gnomes wearing crowns greeted us. The king held a small **GOLDEN PICKAX** in his hand as a symbol of the gnomes' hard work in mining.

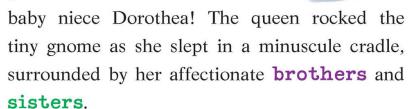
The queen held a 8°LDEN NEEDLE. She







was embroidering a pair of newborn shoes with gold thread for her beautiful

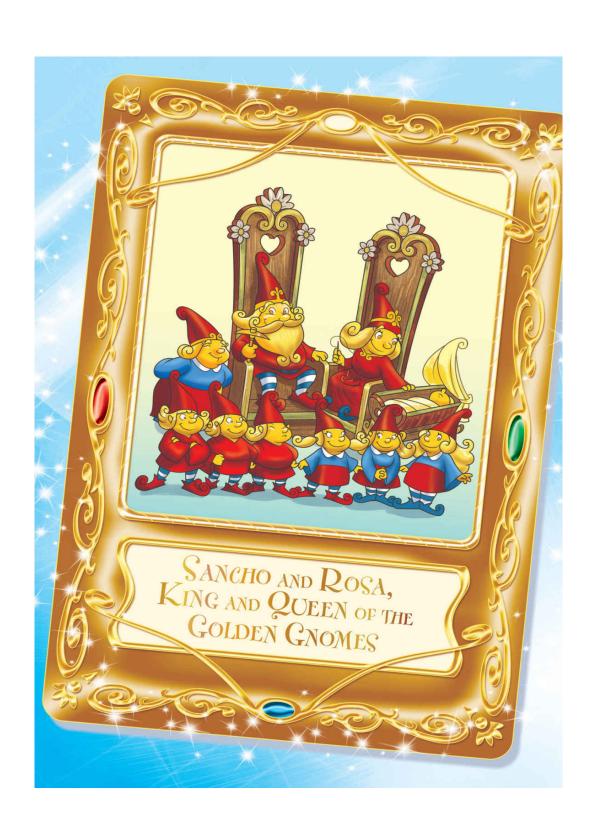


I tried to show them the ring with **Blossom's**crest on it, but the king shook his head.

"We don't need the crest, Knight!" he explained. "Your fame precedes you, and you are welcome here. We are Sancho and Rosa, the king and queen of the Golden Gnomes. Now tell us, what brings you here?"

"I'm on a **MSSION** for Queen Blossom," I said. "She wanted me to warn you that the gold in your mines is in **Grave danger!**"

"What?!" the gnomes gasped.



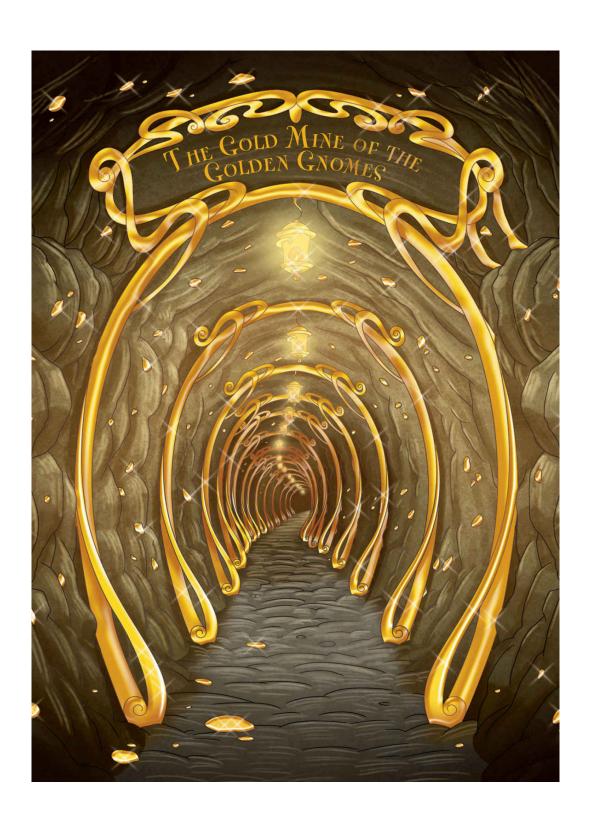
"Yes, it's true," Scribblehopper croaked. "The Whopping Wizard has vowed to **steal** all your gold!"

The king and the queen smiled.

"Thank you for traveling here to warn us, Knight," the queen said.

"But the *treasure of the Golden Gnomes* is safe," the king continued. "Follow us and we'll show you!"

Scribblehopper and I followed them along the tunnels that went **DOWN**, **DOWN**, **DOWN**, **DOWN** into the mines. We finally arrived at the entrance to the legendary gold mine of the Golden Gnomes!





Once we went through the **entrance**, we meandered down a very **LONG ROCK**TUNNEL. The walls were studded with enormouse nuggets of

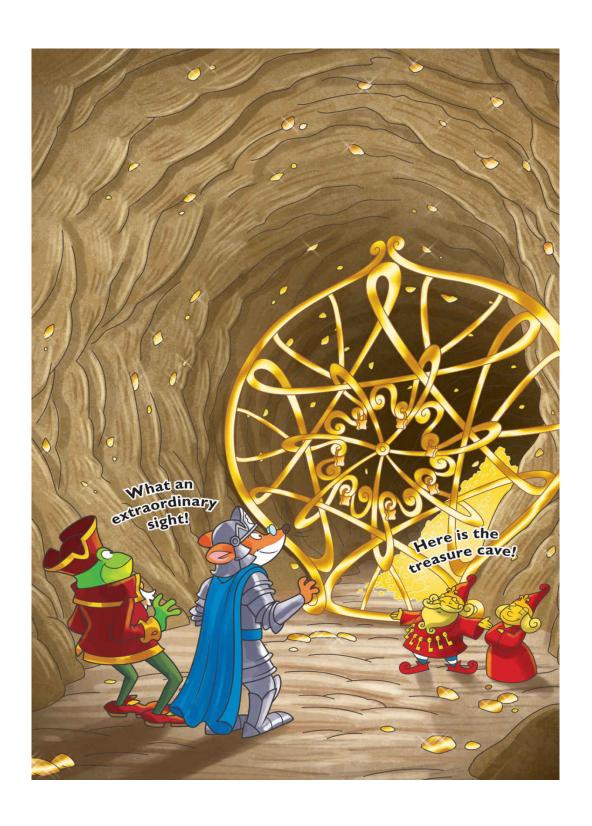
GLEAMING GOLD.

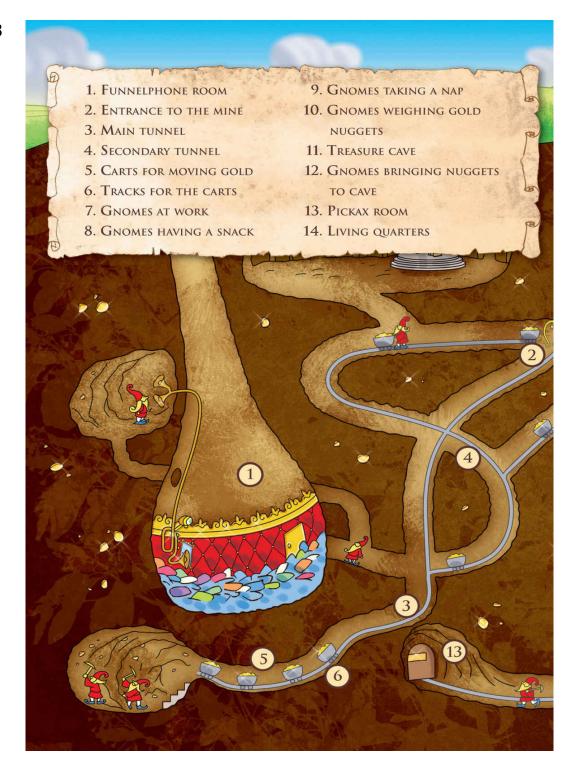
"These are our gold mines," the king said proudly. "As you can see, this place is full of the purest GOLD in the Kingdom of Fantasy!"

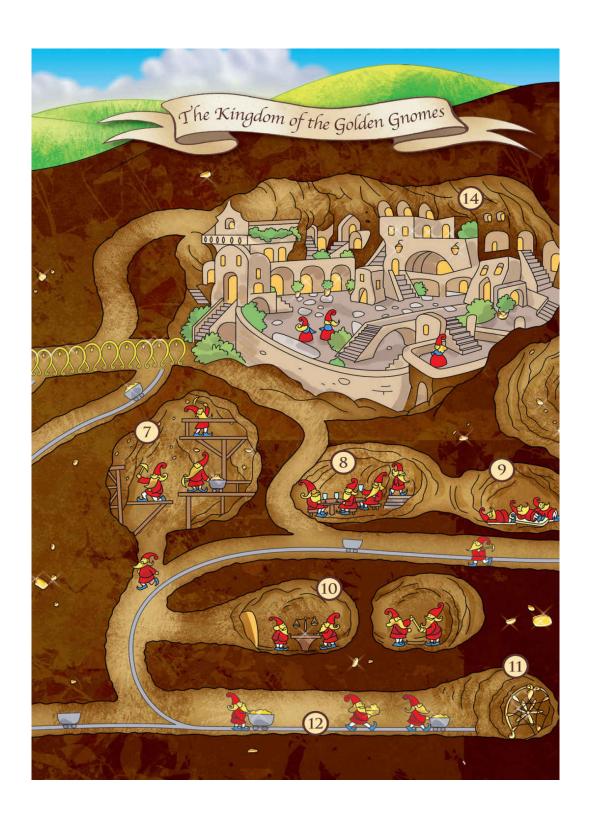
We followed him down the narrow, dark, and curvy tunnel. As we walked, we saw many gnomes working cheerfully, **excavating** the gold with pickaxes as they sang in unison.

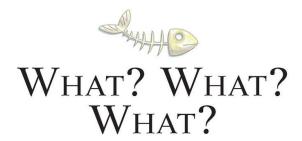


The king turned down a narrow corridor to the **left**. We followed him and found ourselves in front of a great **COLDEN** gate. Behind the gate was a **DEEP** cave piled high with **SHINY**, **gleaming** gold nuggets! What an extraordinary sight!









The GOLDEN GATE was as thick as a mouse's fist and fixed securely in the rock. Seven GOLDEN locks held it closed.



The king pointed at the gate.

"See, Knight," he said. "This gate is **STRONG** and impenetrable. See the **SEVEN** locks? Now do you understand why we're not scared of thieves? It's because we're **Certain** no one could ever steal the *treasure of the Golden Gnomes*!"

2

I touched the bars

3

"Exactly!" the queen agreed.

"Wow," Scribblehopper croaked, impressed. "Look at all that gold! It's so shiny!"

Suddenly, I noticed a strange **Still** in the cave.

"Do you smell algae and **rotten fish**?" I asked the others as I wriggled my nose. "And is that the odor of fresh paint?"

I reached out to touch the golden bars, and I realized it was a canvas that was still wet!

"It's fake!" I shouted.

"This is a **PAINTING!**"







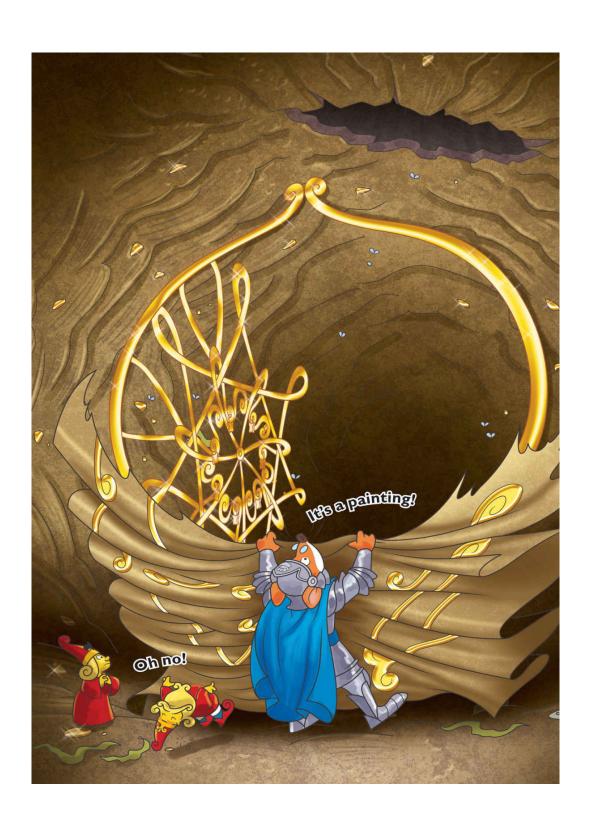
"What? What?" the king shouted in shock. "What do you mean? How could this happen? I don't understand!"

I reached out and **TORE DOWN** the canvas. Everyone gasped. On the other side, the cave was completely **TY**: The treasure was **THINE!** Thieves had taken the treasure of the Golden Gnomes!

But how had they done it?

We looked around and soon understood: Someone had **drilled** a hole in the cave ceiling to get into the tunnel undetected. Then the **THIEVES** had broken the gate, entered the mine, and taken the **treasure**!

The king **fainted**, dropping to the floor of the cave like a bowling pin.



"How will we tell our citizens that the treasure has been stolen?" the queen asked, sobbing. "Oh, woe is me!"

"Don't worry, Queen Rosa!" I said, trying to console her.

"We'll find your gold and return it to you. Rodent's honor!"

Meanwhile, Scribblehopper pulled out a little chalkboard where he had a list of all the TREASURES we were on a mission to protect. Sadly, he made an X next to "treasure of the Golden Gnomes."

"How will we find the gold?" Scribblehopper asked. "We don't even know who took it!"

Then I noticed something on the ground in a corner of the cave: There was a heap of **Stinky** algae and a Fish Bone. So that's where the





STRANGE smell had come from!

"I know who stole your gold!" I exclaimed. "It was CAPTAIN SHORTTAIL and the

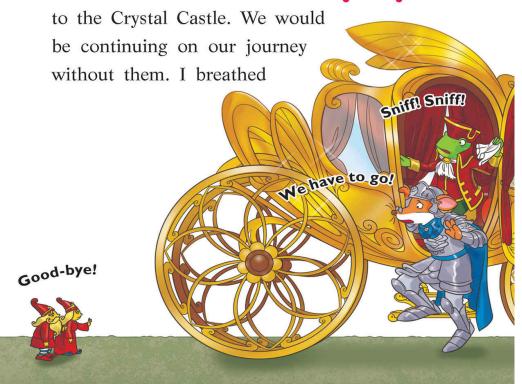
PIRATES OF THE SHIP OF SECRETS!"

How terrible! I knew we had to do more to stop the **WHOPPING WIZARD** (and his ally Captain Shorttail) from stealing any more TREASURES.

We left the gold mine and returned to the Golden Dragonfly Chariot. It was time to head off for new adventures — and new dangers! With hearts full of **Sadmess**, we waved goodbye to the king and queen of the Golden Gnomes.

"We'll get your gold back!" I promised.

The Dragonfly Princesses explained that Queen Blossom had called **Prism** and **Batty Matty** back



a **5/5** of relief. At last I would have some peace and QUIET!

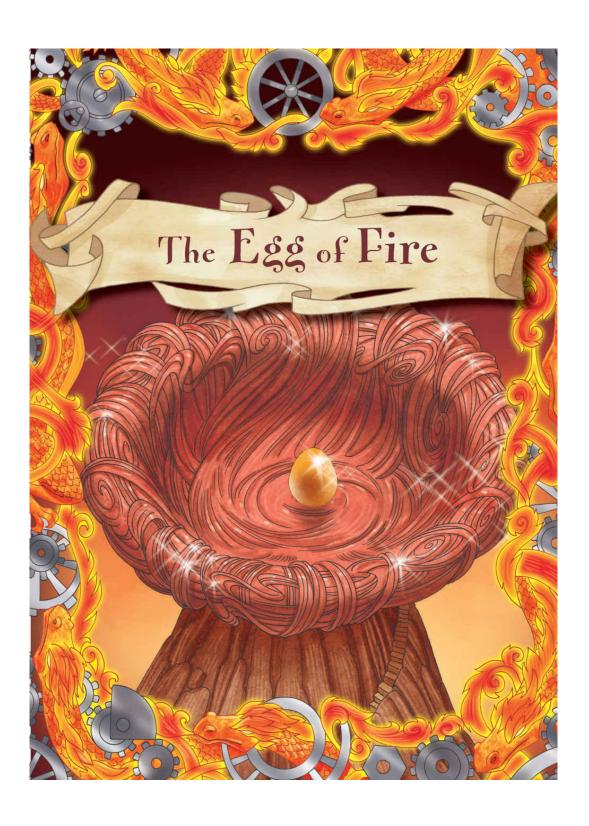
Scribblehopper pointed at the horizon.

"Knight, are you ready for the next leg of our journey?" he asked. "We're heading toward



Wertigo Peak, where a frightening dragon with seven heads watches over the Egg of Fire in a copper-wire nest. Captain Shorttail and his pirates have already stolen the vanila dust and the treasure of the Golden Gnomes, so we have to stop them from getting their paws on the EGG OF FIRE and fur from the Blue Weasels. If Captain Shorttail gives all the stolen treasures to the Whopping Wizard, he will complete his EVIL PLAN to take over the Kingdom of Fantasy!"

I gulped. This journey was really getting **SCARY**! I held on tightly as the **Dragonfly Princesses** pulled the Golden Dragonfly Chariot closer and closer to Vertigo Peak.



Z

Z

Ζ

Z

Ζ

Z

Z

Z

Z

Ζ

Ζ

Z

Z

A NEST OF COPPER WIRE

Believe it or not, I was so **STRESSED** and **EXHAUSTED** that I fell asleep during our journey. I even started snoring!



"Wake up, wake up!" Scribblehopper



suddenly shouted in my ear. "Knight, LOOK over there! It's Vertigo Peak!"

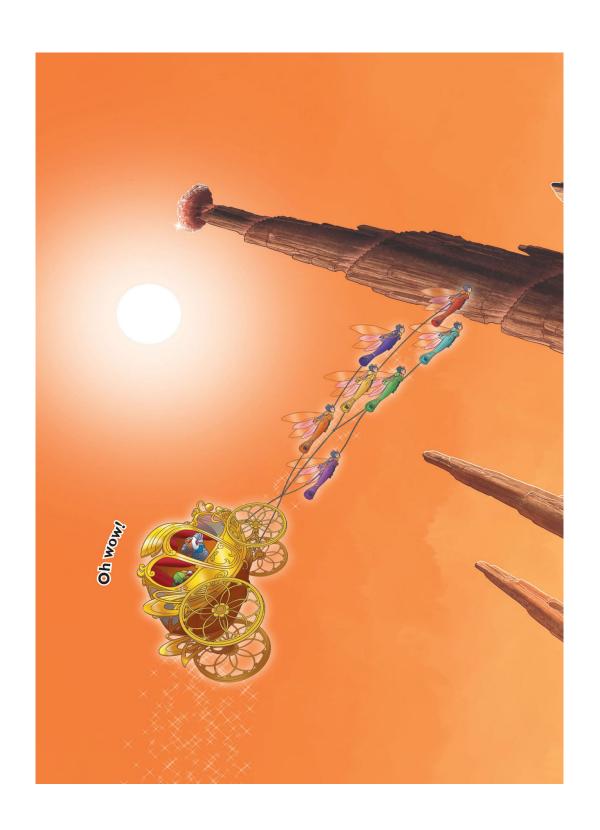
"Squeak!" I was **jolted** awake. "What is it? Who is it? Where am I?"

Scribblehopper snapped at me: **Snap**, **snap**!

"Come on, Knight, get with the program!" he croaked. "Were you REALLY sleeping? The treasure of the Golden Gnomes was already **stolen** on our watch. We have to get ready for the dangers that await us!"

"Okay, okay!" I replied as I sat up and looked out the window of the chariot.

It was noon and the **SCORCHING SUN** was shining down on the craggy peak ahead. I saw a landscape of rocks as red as **HOT** FLAMES. A strange nest made of (OPPER WIRE sat at the tippy-top of the tall, **twisty** mountain peak.







The GOLDEN DRAGONFLY CHARIOT

landed at the foot of Vertigo Peak. Scribblehopper pulled out the Legendarium, the enormouse manual he wrote about the mysterious places and creatures of the Kingdom of Fantasy. Then he opened the book and pointed to a page that was all about the frighteningly famouse Vertigo Peak!





Scribblehopper squeezed my paw solemnly.

"Good luck, Knight . . . you'll need it!" he said. "If you don't return, it was a pleasure knowing you — at least most of the time! And if you do become DRAGON FOOD, don't worry! I'll make sure to get you a nice tombstone. I'll even arrange a lovely funeral in your honor. You have a last will and testament, right? I hope you left me something good!"

I turned as PALE as mozzarella.





"What?" I squeaked, terrified. "What do you mean, If I become dragon food? Of course I won't! Will I?"

"Hey, you never know," Scribblehopper replied with a shrug. "And I figured I'd say good-bye now since you have to go on from here **ALL ALONE**."

He pointed to the sentence in small print in the Legendarium: "Only one Creature at a time may approach the Copper nest!"

Then he pushed me toward the peak.



THE DRAGON WITH



REALLY

IN

"Go ahead, Knight!" he said encouragingly. "Be **BRAVE**! I know you can do it!"

The dragonflies said good-bye with tears in their eyes.

"If we could go with you, **WE WOULD!**" they said sweetly. "Best of luck to you, Knight!"

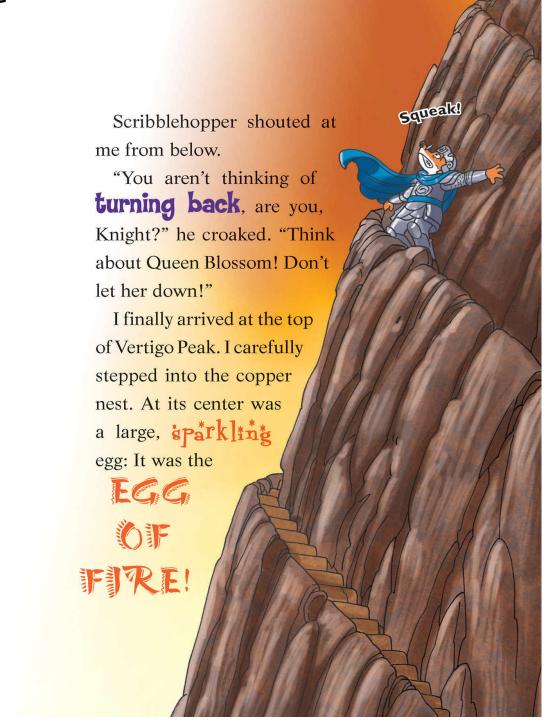
I raised my head and stared wp, wp, wp at the very high peak. My fur **Gurled** with fear.

SQUEAR! I WAS REALLY IN TROUBLE!

But I had no choice, so I took a deep breath and began to climb. Slowly, I made my way up the **Steep** stone staircase that wrapped around Vertigo Peak. At one point I stopped for a second and looked **DOWA**: What a mistake!

My paws were trembling so much I had to flatten myself against the side of the mountain like a slice of **Swiss** on a sandwich!

OF



Fascinated, I reached out a paw to **touch** it. A moment later, a cloud moved in front of the sun, BLOCKING its light.

Cheese niblets! I realized too late that it wasn't a cloud . . . It was a fire-breathing dragon with seven heads! When he saw me near the egg, he roared FEROCIOUSLY from each head:

"ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!

Then he dove toward me, shooting **NIGHTMARISH** flames from each of his seven mouths!





IN THE COPPER NEST

When the dragon moved closer, I took a better look: He was a **GIGANTIC** creature with a muscular body covered in **shiny** red scales as bright as rubies. The dragon had wings of fire on his back and very sharp **CLAWS** on his feet. He had seven large heads and seven mouths full of **RAZOR-SHARP** teeth. And he stared at me with fourteen **penetrating** eyes.

Flamefighter landed in the nest and squatted on the egg, clutching it between his claws. He

FLAMEFIGHTER'S STORY

Flamefighter is a Fire Dragon descended from the fearsome Dragons with Seven Heads. He's an unpredictable dragon with a very short temper: He often spits fire for no reason! He was chosen to guard his clan's last Egg of Fire because of his ferocious and terrifying character. Only he knows how to guard and defend the egg. If the egg winds up in the wrong hands or is destroyed, the noble clan of the Dragons with Seven Heads will become extinct.

opened his seven mouths (which were full of **RAZOR-SHARP** teeth!) and began to sing with a deep voice that made me shiver with fright:

"What are you doing in my sacred nest? Don't you dare try to steal my egg, you pest!"

"Um, excuse me, Sir Flamefighter." I tried frantically to explain myself. "I am Sir Geronimo of Stilton, and I'm a knight, not a THIEF! In fact, I'm here to tell you that Captain Shorttail and his crew of evil pirates are on their way here on their flying Ship of Secrets. They're the ones who want to take the Egg of Fire!"

I paused to catch my breath. Flamefighter just **STARED** at me with his fourteen eyes.

"Maybe you don't believe me," I continued nervously. "I can see from your expression that, uh, I'll have to convince you! **SQUEAK!**"

Thin lines of **SMUKE** poured out of Firefighter's fourteen nostrils. Then he opened his seven

mouths to respond in verse:

"So you are the legendary knight, I see. How can I be sure you are trustworthy?"

My whiskers trembled and my fur curled with fear. Oh, I was so scared! Then I had an idea.

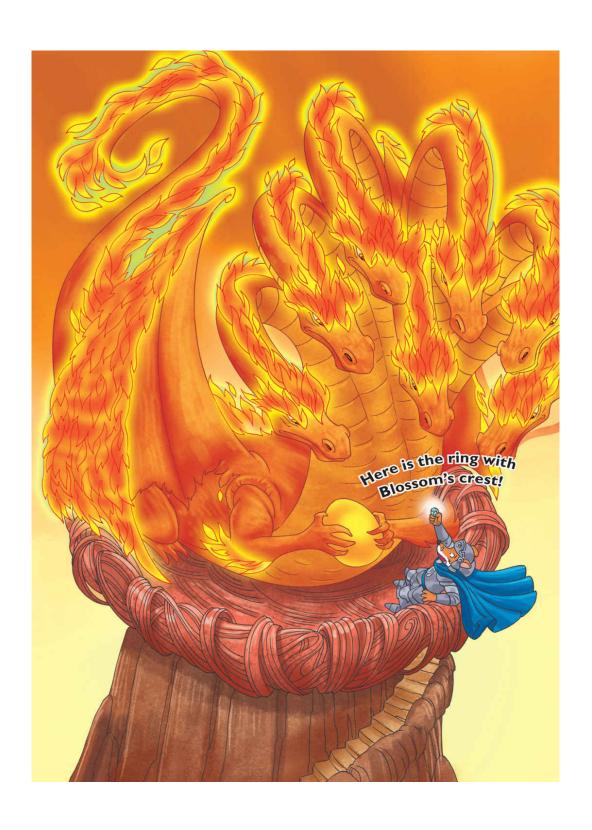
"Wait a moment, Mr. Flamefighter," I replied. "I can show you the ring with *Blossom's* on it . . ."

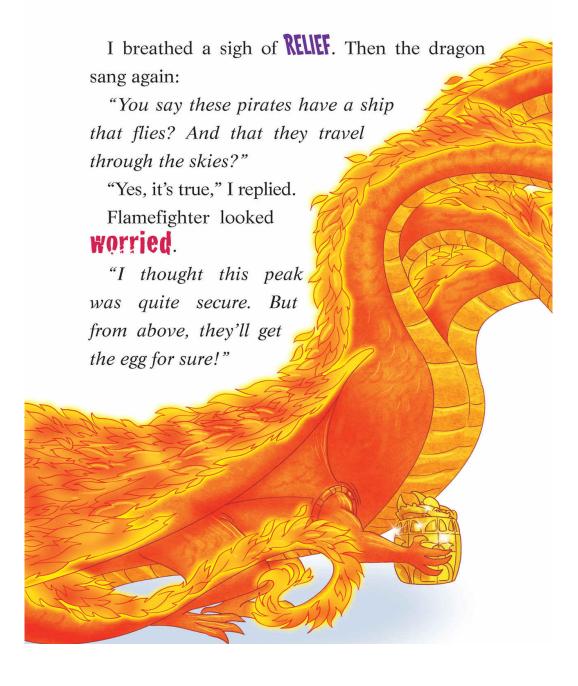
The dragon snorted:

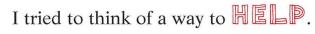
"Show it to me quickly, before you are toast. If you're lying, beware: I love a good mouse roast!"

I pulled out the ring from under my armor with trembling paws and gave it to him. He examined it for what felt like an ETERNITY! Finally, he sang again:

"Knight, it's a lucky day for you. It seems that what you say is true!"







"Mr. Flamefighter," I said tentatively, "maybe I can

Queen Blossom for you. She will keep it safe until the danger has passed!"

The **DRAGON** stared at the egg with **TEARS**

in his fourteen eyes.

"Alas, I do not want
to let it go. But in my heart,
I know it must be so!"

Then he gently placed the egg inside a magic chest and gave it to me.





I hurried down to the base of Vertigo Peak, the chest clutched in my paws. Scribblehopper and the Dragonfly Princesses were waiting for me.

"Good job, **KNIGHT**!" the dragonflies cheered. Scribblehopper was less generous.

Handling Instructions for the Egg of Fire

The Egg of Fire is very fragile and must be handled with care. To get it out of the chest without getting burned, you must use these special pliers.



THAT'S NOT A GOOD IDEA!

"It took you long enough, Knight," he grumbled.

"Come on, let's go! Our next stop is the County
of the Blue Weasels."

We climbed into the Golden Dragonfly Chariot and the dragonflies began to fly northeast. The air became Colder and Colder, and the wind grew STRONGER and STRONGER. My fur began to freeze from the tips of my whiskers to the end of my tail!

We traveled for a long time, past sunset.

The full moon sparkled beautsfully the the the shally nation sky!

Finally, the dragonflies landed the chariot along the banks of a **FAST-MOVING** very river.

"We'll sleep here **tonight!**" Scribblehopper announced.

It was really, GOLD, and

we wanted to light a fire to warm us. But we didn't have anything to **BURN**!

OH. IT WAS SO COLD!

My fur was frozen, my teeth wouldn't stop **CHATTERING**, and my tail was a giant **TCTCTE!**

Suddenly, I had an idea.

"We can warm ourselves using the EGG OF FIRE!" I exclaimed.

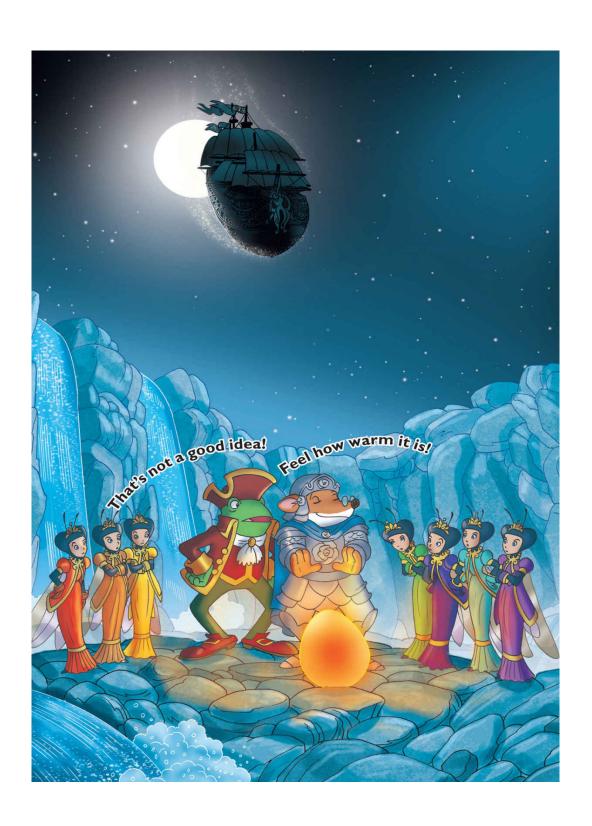
"No, Knight!" Scribblehopper said. "Don't take the egg out. It could be very **DANGEROUS!**"

The seven dragonflies nodded in agreement. "That's not a FIDD DER, Knight!" they said.

"Relax!" I said. "We're all alone here. And it's freezing! What's the harm?"

Before they could stop me, I ran to the chariot and opened the magic chest. A puff of smoke came out.

I used the special pliers to carefully remove the



OR

THAT'S NOT A GOOD IDEA!

THROW

YOU

IN

THE

SEA

WITH

THE

scorching-hot egg. Then I placed it gently on the ground in front of us.

Ah! I held my paws over the egg.

"Feel how **toasty warm** it is, friends!" I said.

"I really don't think this is a **goop ipea!**" Scribblehopper repeated nervously as he hopped from one foot to another.

But it was too late.

Suddenly, I heard a **rustling** sound overhead, and I smelled a strange and terrible **stench**.

I looked up and saw the **Ship of Secrets** soaring through the air above us! The sails of the ship were full of wind, and Captain Shorttail's crew ran here and there across the ship's deck.

"Over here - no over there!" Captain Shorttail yelled.

"GET BUSY, FOOLS, OR I'LL THROW YOU IN THE SEA WITH THE SHARKS!

My fur bristled when he mentioned the sharks. **Squeak!**

Then I heard a metallic sound:

CLANG, CLANG, CLANG!

A thick Metal chain

with a fat anchor on the end descended from the deck of the ship above us. Can you guess who was dangling from the anchor?

It was Captain
Sammy Shorttail
in the fur and
whiskers, of course!

STRONGER AND FASTER

THAT'S NOT A GOOD IDEA!

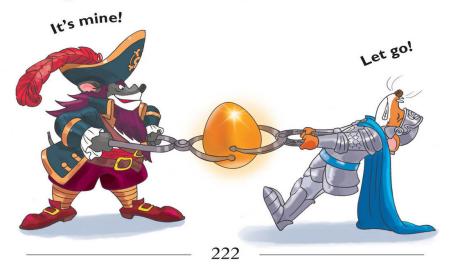
He was holding an enormouse pair of **PLIERS**, which he used to grab the Egg of Fire!

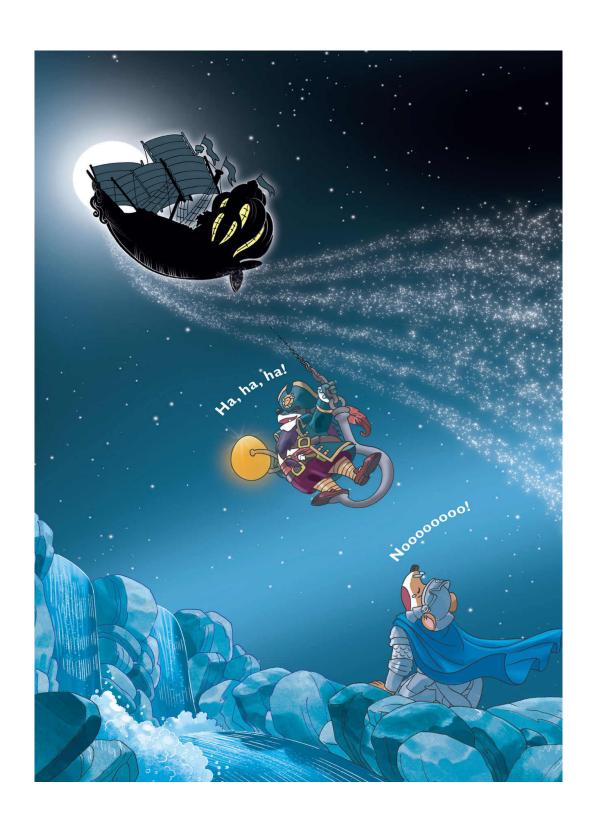
"Nooooooo!" I cried desperately, trying to stop him.

But he was **STRONGER AND FASTER** than me. With a triumphant laugh, he snatched the egg away.

"Hee, hee, hee!" he cackled. "The Egg of Fire is mine, ALL MINE!"

As fast as the wind, he zipped back up onto the **Ship of Secrets**, clinging to the anchor.





The ship FLOATED up high into the sky, its sails straining in the wind. Captain Shorttail steered toward the stars, taking the precious Egg of Fire with him!

I stood there staring at the **Ship of Secrets** as it flew away, my heart full of **SADNESS**.

"Leaping lily pads!" Scribblehopper shouted. "I warned you, Knight. But you didn't listen to me!"



Then Scribblehopper got out his chalkboard with the list of the treasures we were supposed to be **PROTECTING**. He added another **X**, this time next to the "**EGG OF FIRE**."

"Oh, this is going very, very **BADLY**!" Scribblehopper said with a sigh. "I expected **more** from a brave and courageous knight!"

I hung my head, **EMBARRASSED**. I had disappointed Scribblehopper and let down Queen Blossom and the entire Kingdom of Fantasy!

But the dragonflies encouraged me to go on.

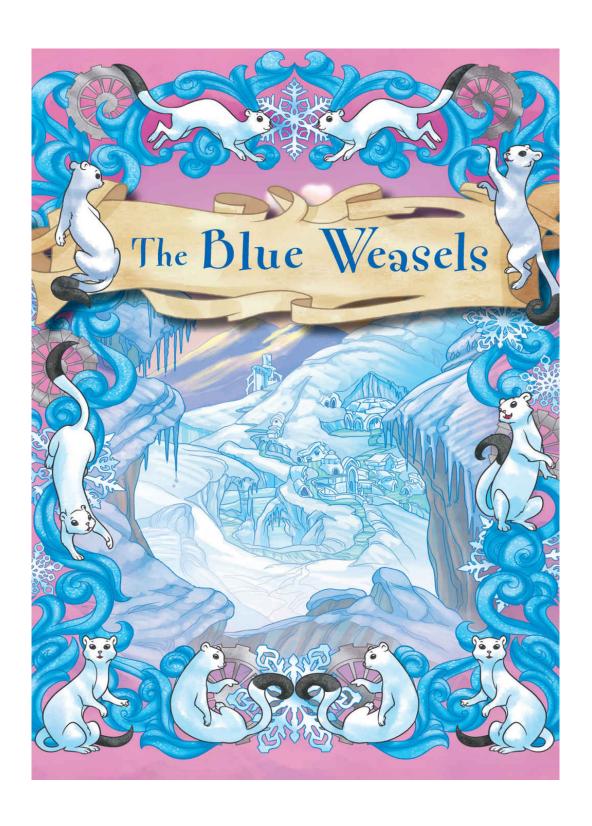
"Cheer up, Knight!" they said gently. "You can still make things right. Just keep your snout up and **be brave**. Don't give up now!"

I smiled and thanked them. If the **Dragonfly Princesses** had faith in me, then I knew I could do it!

We quietly climbed back aboard the Golden Dragonfly Chariot and took off toward the next BLUE WeaseLS! Who knew what we would find there? I hoped it wouldn't be too SCARY. The less scary it was there, the better chance I had of actually being brave and courageous, like a REAL knight!

I really didn't want to **disappoint** Queen Blossom. And the treasure of the Blue Weasels was truly **special** . . . it was the weasels' beautiful and DeL?(A†e fur. I had to keep the Blue Weasels safe!





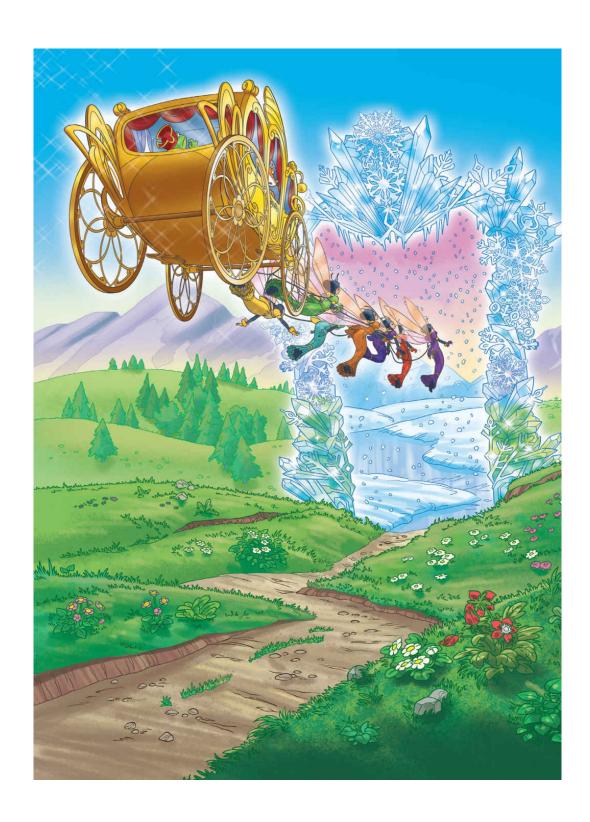


THE DOOR TO ETERNAL WINTER

We flew for miles and miles until we saw an INCREDIBLE sight on the horizon. All around us the landscape was lush, green, and full of flowers. But ahead of us was an ice-covered portal into a frosty world of snow and ice. Although it was spring all around us, the door ahead seemed to lead us straight into winter!

As we approached the portal, the dragonflies slowed down, shocked and amazed by the landscape that lay ahead.

"Leaping lily pads, we did it!" Scribblehopper shouted. "That's the legendary **POOR TO ETERNAL WINTER**. Once we fly through it, we will enter the County of the Blue Weasels! I've heard **legends** about it for years, but I've never seen it before.



Twisting tadpoles, how incredible!"

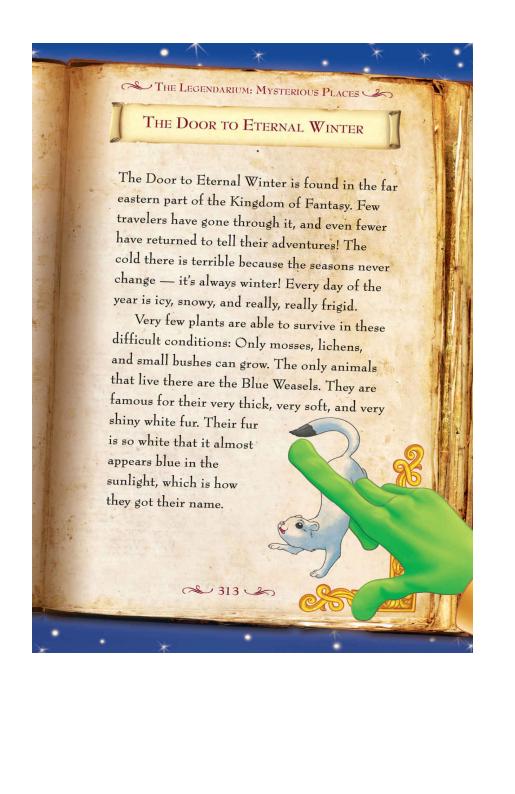
He pulled out the *Legendarium*. Then he turned to page 313.

"Here it is!" he croaked with excitement. "Read all about it, Knight. You should know all about the **County of the Blue Weasels** so you're prepared. You're about to **freeze** your tail off! And based on the way you handled the cold back there with the **EGG OF FIRE**, well, I can tell you're **WEAK** when it comes to **WINTER!**"

He handed me the book, and I read the page aloud so the dragonflies could hear, too. What an **EXECUTE** tale!

The dragonflies seemed anxious about flying through the **portal**. They fluttered their wings **nervously** as we hovered just on the other side of the door.

"Don't worry, dragonflies," Scribblehopper





phew! The Dragonflies grew more and more tired.





them. "We'll reassured okay! We're almost there — it's just a little **FartHer**!"

So the dragonflies beat their wings harder and we sailed through the opening. temperature dropped The immediately, the sky clouded **OVE**, and snowflakes began to fall. The wind howled and blew ferociously as the landscape became Whiter and Whiter.

We continued to fly for hours, and the dragonflies grew more and more tired as I grew colder and colder.

The only good thing was that Scribblehopper was very, very quiet: He didn't dare open his mouth because he was AFRAID HIS TONBUE WOULD FREEZE!

We flew **DEEPER** and **DEEPER** into that frigid white land, looking for someone who could tell us **WHERE** we were and how much farther it was to get to the Blue Weasels. But from above, we didn't see **ANYONE**. The only thing keeping us **alive** was the fact that the Golden Dragonfly Chariot was full of **soft**, cozy sweaters and warm, fluffy blankets that kept us as **warm** as possible, like **BIRDS IN A MEST!** The Dragonfly Princesses wore **thick** wool jackets so they could withstand the **COLD**, too.

Thank goodmouse for the Dragonfly Princesses and their Golden Dragonfly Chariot! Without them, we would never have made it all the way across that barren, frezen landscape!



IT

SEEMED

LIKE

Α

VILLAGE

OF



A VILLAGE OF ICE

We finally spotted a valley below us with a village of tiny ice houses. As we flew closer, we looked for signs of life. But there were NONE!



"In the name of Queen Blossom, is anyone home?" Scibblehopper shouted as we flew by.

But the only reply was a giant echo:



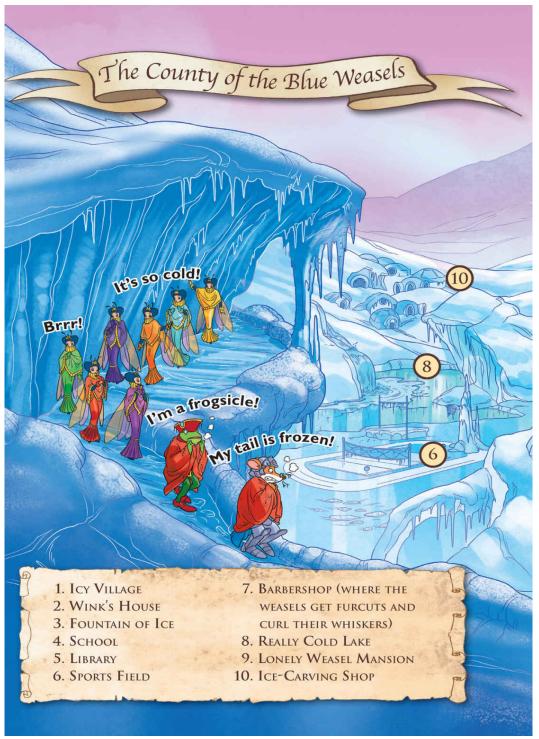
Scribblehopper sighed.

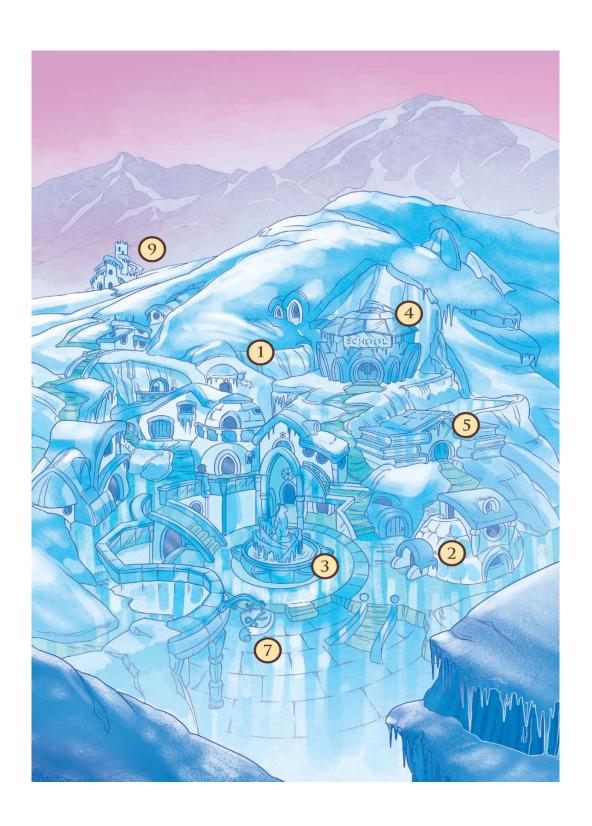
"Knight, I officially inform you that this village is unfortunately

ABSOLUTELY . . . COMPLETELY . . . TOTALLY . . . UNINHABITED!"

I shivered. Yes, I was **COLD**. But I was also really, really **SCARED**! What in the name of cheese were we going to do now? We were all alone in a frozen land, with **NO IDEA** where to turn next! Chattering cheddar, how had I gotten myself into this **MCSS**?

I'm a







Two Eyes in the Ice!

The dragonflies landed the Golden Dragonfly Chariot, and we all got out. Scribblehopper and I explored one little ICE HOUSE after another.

FLOOR to the Ceiling. But everything inside each house was carved from ice, too! There was ice furniture,

including beds, dressers, tables, and chairs. And each kitchen was full of dishes, glasses, pots, pans, and other knickknacks—all made from ice!

Had the weasels Carved

all this furniture themselves? And where were the weasels now? Each house was deserted. **How strange!**

Suddenly, I saw a flash of **movement** in the corner of one ice house.

"Who's there?" I called out.

But there was NO REPLY.

I looked around, but everything in the house was such a DRIGHT WHITE that I couldn't see anything else.

Then I noticed two **shiny black circles** in one corner. What could they be? I approached very slowly.

"Hello?" I said softly. "Is someone there?"

I looked more closely and realized they were two **BRIGHT EYES** shining in the ice!







There was a living **creature** hiding in the corner!

"Who's there?" I asked again. "Don't be scared — we won't **HURT** you!"

A WHITE Shape slowly emerged from the corner. The creature held a little paw in front of its brown nose. I stepped forward, and the creature DASHED past me and headed toward the door!

I took in the animal's **BLACK-TIPPED** tail and realized it was a weasel! Its fur was so the creature had been invisible against the ice!

"Wait!" I cried. "Please don't run away. I don't want to **HURT** you — I want to **HELP**!"

"I don't believe you," came a reply. "I don't **trust** you!"

"I come in peace!" I squeaked. "I am Sir Geronimo of Stilton, and I am traveling on behalf of Blossom, Queen of the Fairies!"

The weasel peeked out from behind some ice furniture.

"Are you really the brave and courageous knight?" he asked. "Let me see the ring with *Blossom's crest*! After all that's happened, I don't trust **ANYTHING** or **anyone**!"

I quickly pulled out the ring and showed it to him.

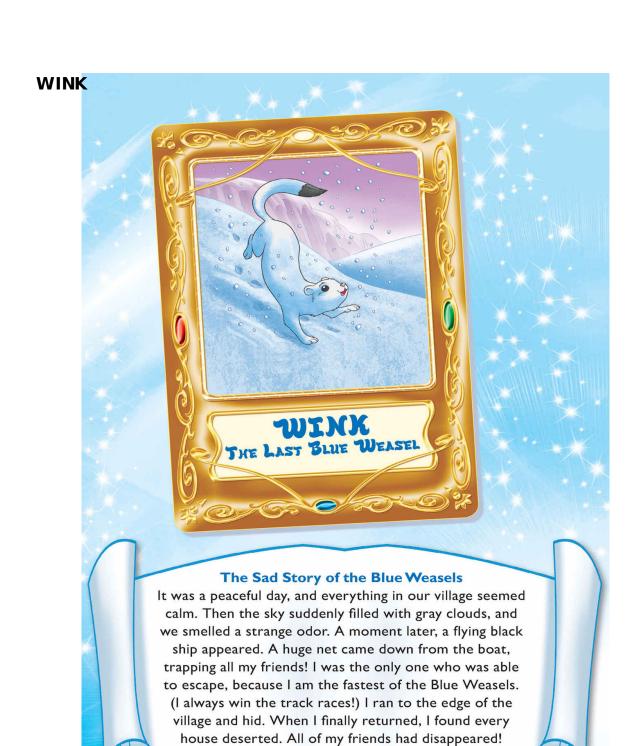
"It looks **real**," the weasel muttered, but he didn't look entirely convinced.

I placed my paw over my **heart**.

"I promise you it's authentic," I said.
"RODENT'S HONOR!"

Only then did he come toward me, with his paw outstretched.

"My name is WINK," he said. "If you'll listen, I'll tell you the sad story of the Blue Weasels . . ."



When Wink had finished telling his tale, Scribblehopper stepped forward.

"I'm Scribblehopper," he told the weasel. "I'm traveling with the knight. I must say, this is very, very **bad!** The knight was supposed to **PROTECT** the Blue Weasels, but he **failed** again!"

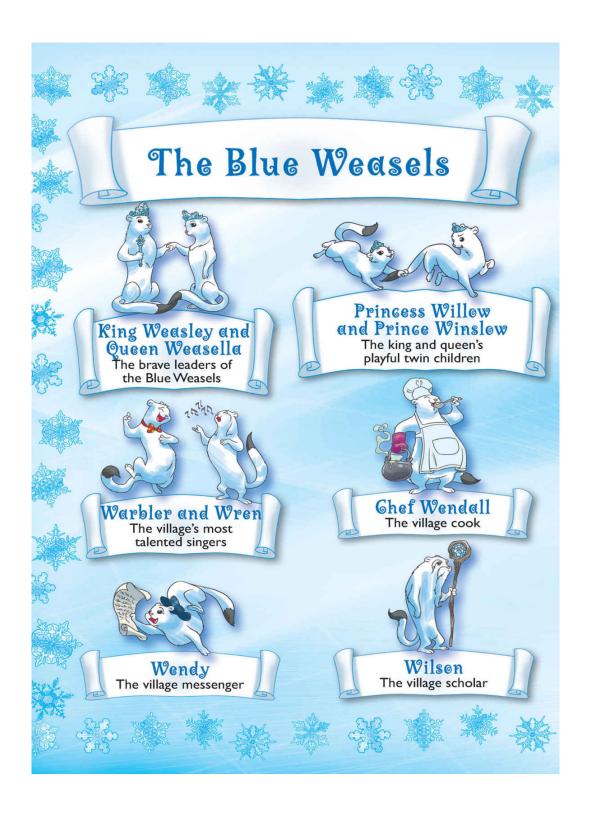
He shook his head and looked at me disapprovingly.

"I wouldn't want to be in your **armor** when it's time to tell Queen Blossom what happened to the Blue Weasels, Knight!" He scolded me.

I sighed.

Scribblehopper was right!

I HAD FAILED TO STOP CAPTAIN SHORTTAIL AND HIS PIRATES ONCE AGAIN!







ONE FOR ALL, AND ALL FOR ONE!

Wink hung his head sadly.

"Now I'm the LAST Blue Weasel left!" he continued. "My friends were probably captured because of their beautiful fur. I get so upset when I think about how WONDERFUL our village was before everyone disappeared! Every house was bustling and happy. Oh, I'm so sad and lonely now! If only I could find the other Blue Weasels and bring them home. But how?"

Scribblehopper wrung his webbed hands, then took out his little chalkboard with the list of treasures we were trying to protect and made an X next to "Blue Weasels."

"Our mission was to protect you and your friends," he croaked. "And we failed!





AND ALL FOR ONE!

WHAT A SHAME!"

"Please stop!" I told the frog. "We can't look

BACK — we have to move forward!"

The dragonflies nodded in agreement, patting me on the back **encouragingly**.

"The knight is right!" they said. Then they **SANG** this song:

"There's only one thing we can do, follow Captain Shorttail and his crew! They stole all the treasures away, They'll take them to the wizard today! So it's time for us to roam, To the scary wizard's home!"

"I'll come with you!" Wink cried. "I would do anything to save my friends. And I'm very FAST, so I can help with your mission!"

He scurried around his house, gathering

things for the journey ahead. He pulled on a blue wool hat with warm earflaps. Then he pulled a blue wool cape over his shoulders. The hem was with crusted crystals! Finally, Wink slung a white messenger bag over his arm.



"Okay, I'm ready to go!" he said confidently. "One for all, and all for one!"

"One for all, and all for one," Scribblehopper, the dragonflies, and I replied.

"We go in the name of Queen Blossom, the Keeper of Peace and Happiness," I added.

"And we travel in the name of everything in the Kingdom of Fantasy that is beautiful and **QCCC!** Scribblehopper croaked. "We're not **SCARED** of anything! Right, brave Knight?" "Um, right!" I squeaked, trying my best to

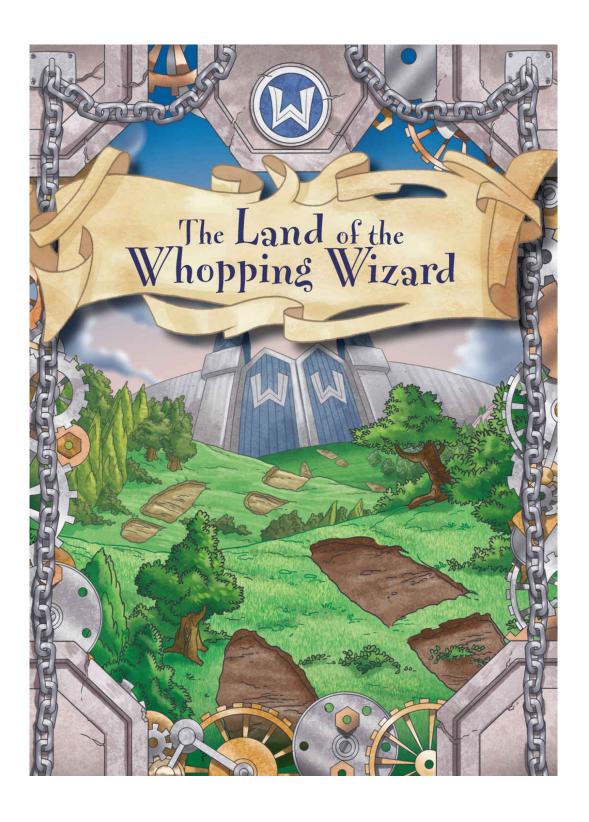
sound COURAGEOUS.

And that's how our group of travelers struck out on our **next** adventure.

We were a strange crew:

A scaredy-mouse ...
A chatty frog ...
A sad, lonely weasel ...
And seven Dragonfly
Princesses!

Even though we were all very different, our hearts were united. We all wanted the same thing: to help Queen Blossom and to save the Kingdom of Fantasy!





THE SOUND OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS

We climbed into the Golden Dragonfly Chariot, and the dragonflies beat their wings in unison, carrying us into the LAND OF THE WHOPPING WIZARD.

"Wow, everything here is really **HUGE!**"
I squeaked as I surveyed the ground below.

"Of course it's **HUGE**!" Scribblehopper croaked.

A gigantic wall loomed on the horizon.

"B-but that's the **tallest wall** I've ever seen!" I stuttered fearfully.

"Of course it's tall, Knight," Scribblehopper replied as he checked our route on his map. "It's the Tall Wall of the Whopping Wizard!"

A castle of staggering size lay beyond the wall.

"Th-that castle is **GIGANTIC!**" I gasped.

Scribblehopper turned to me, exasperated.

"Of course it's **gigantic**, Knight," he shouted, rolling his eyes. "It's the Whopping Wizard's COLOSSAL CASTLE!"

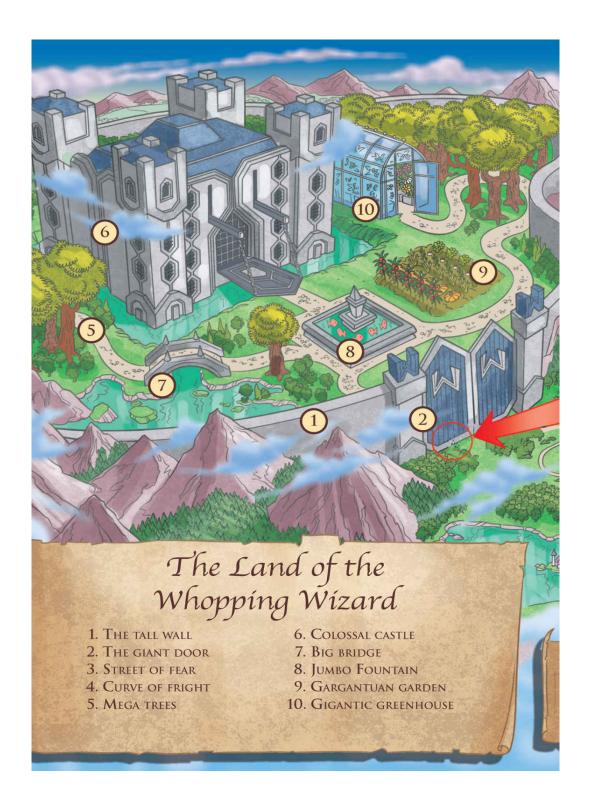
We landed near the Colossal Castle. Suddenly, the earth around us began to tremble and shake violently. We heard the sound of VERY HEAVY footsteps.

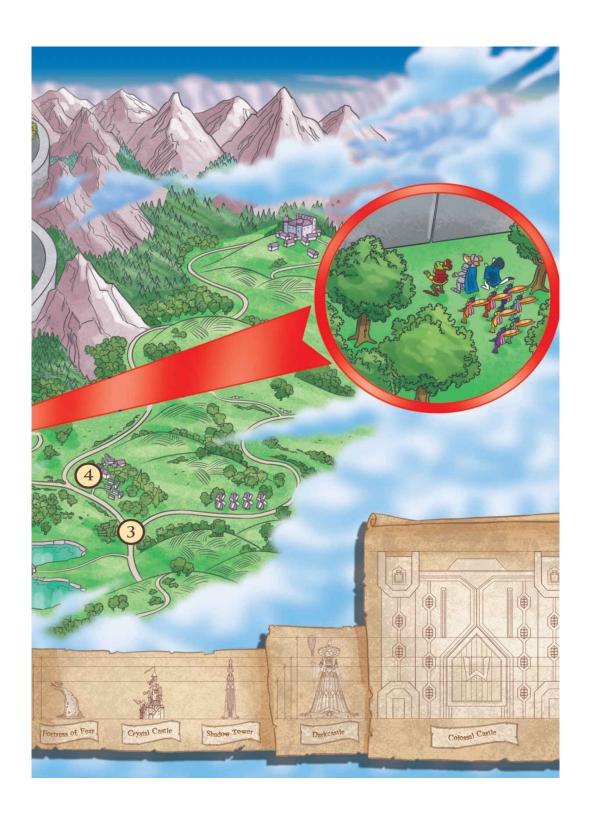
"Oh, Knight!" Scribblehopper shrieked in alarm. "Those are the Whopping Wizard's **FEARSOME FOOTSTEPS!**"

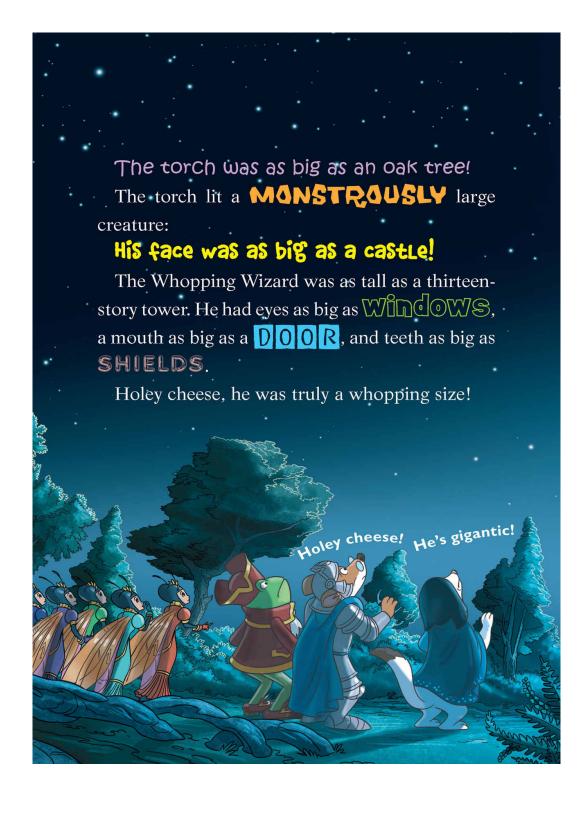
He motioned for us to follow him. Then he ducked behind some **GIANT** bushes.

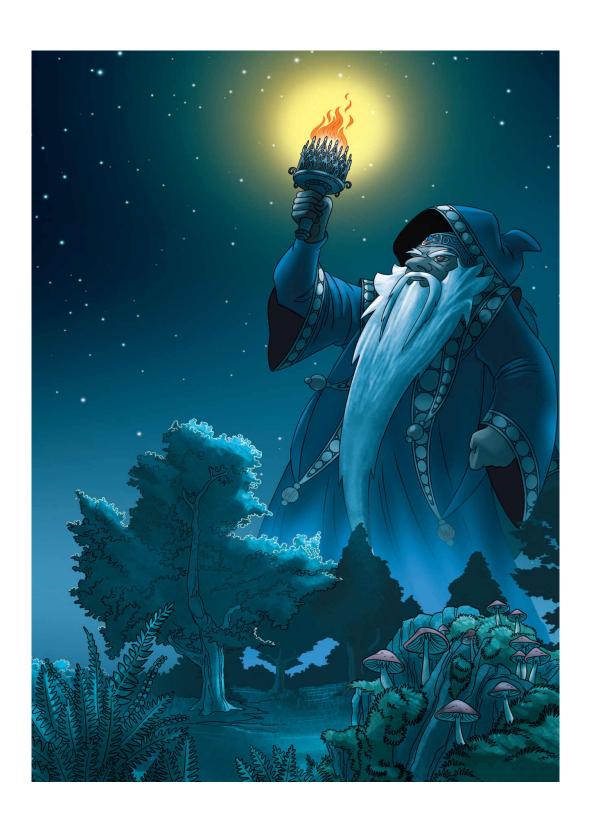
"Hurry!" he croaked. "**Let's hide!**Otherwise we'll be squashed by the Whopping
Wizard's **Colossal feet!**"

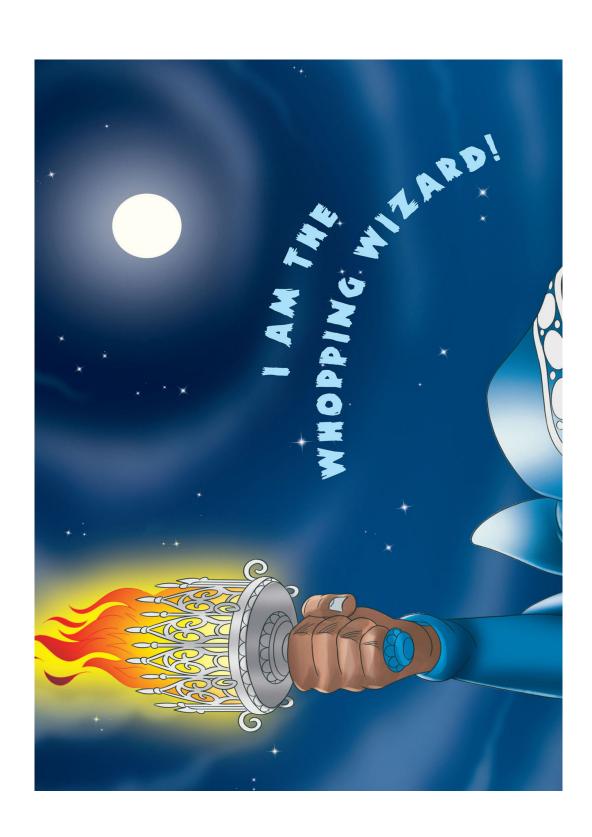
By now, darkness had fallen. We saw the light of a huge torch coming toward us.



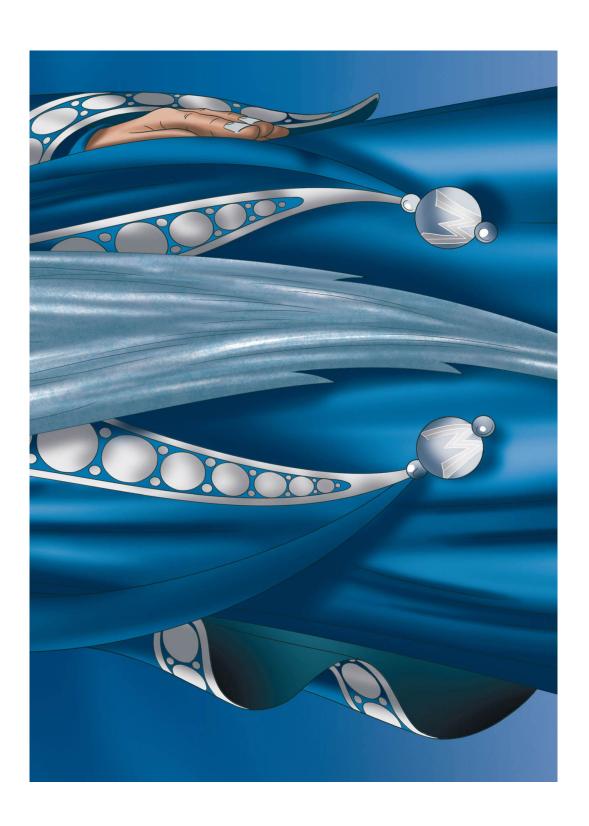


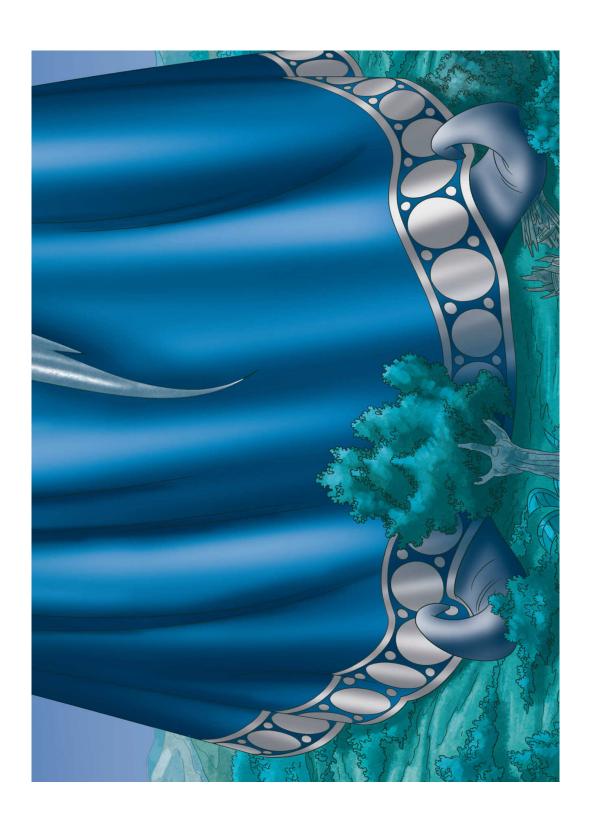














Colossal Fear in the Colossal Castle!

The Whopping Wizard began to sniff the air.

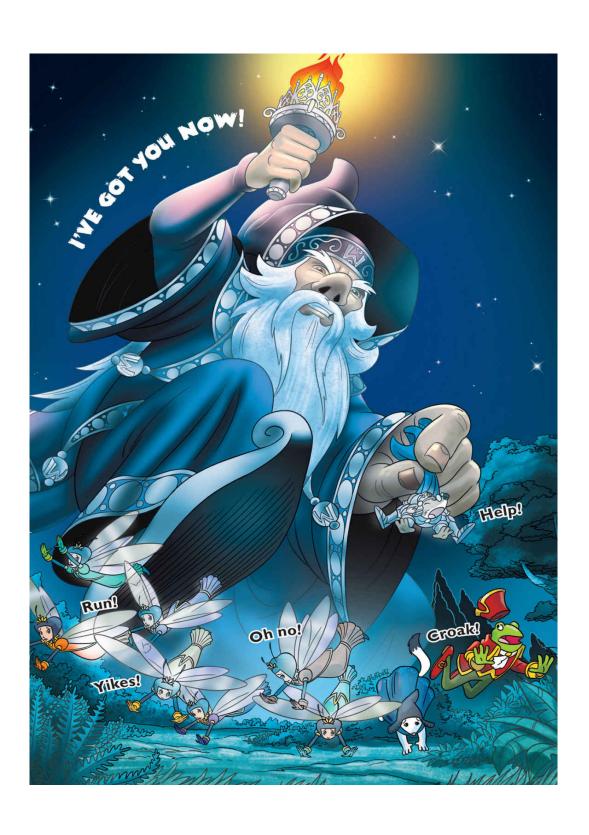
"I smell the odor of mice, frogs, dragonflies, and weasels!" he **BOOMED**.

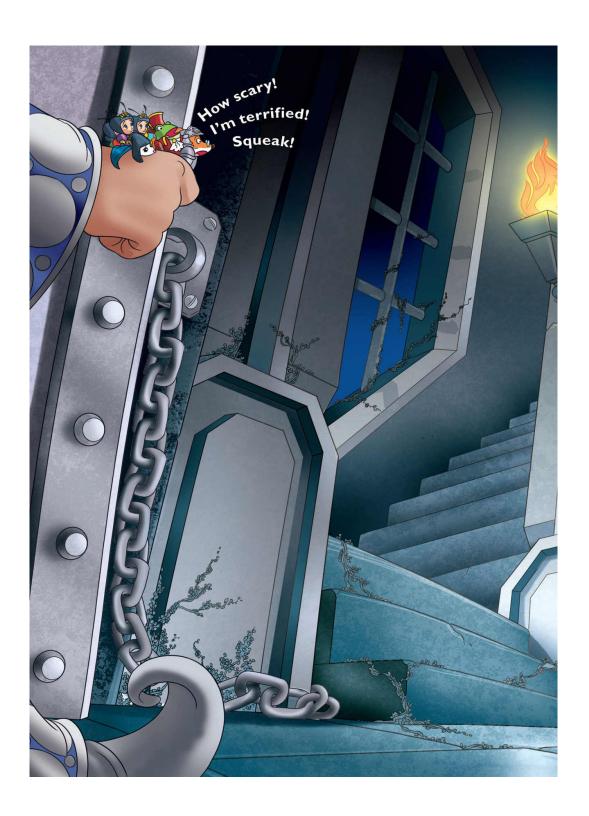
We trembled with **FEAR** as he held his giant torch up and searched for us in the trees. We ducked behind some bushes, but — alas! A moment later, **he found us**!

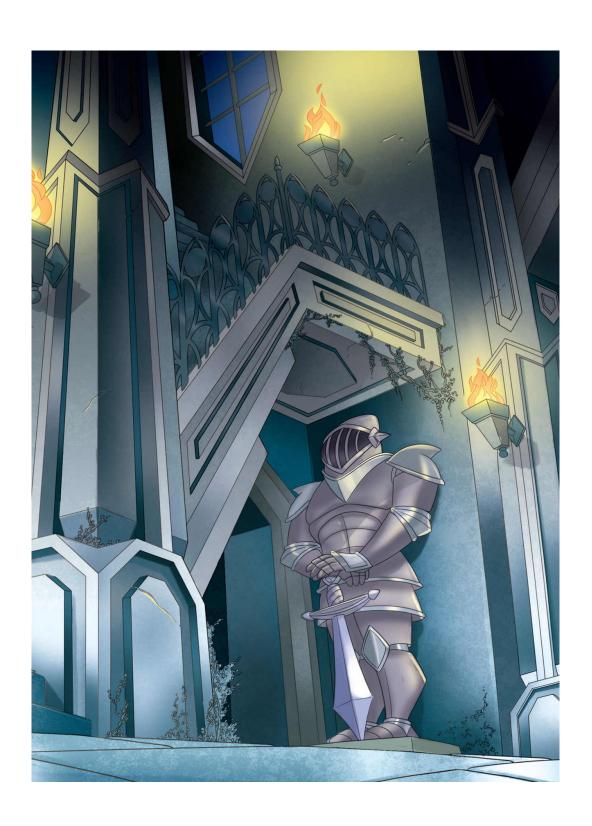
I thought I was about to lose my fur! But instead of **SQUASHING** us under his fearsome feet, the Whopping Wizard plucked us up with his **ENORMOUSE FINGERS**. Each finger was as fat as a tree trunk!

Holey cheese! How terrifying!

He carried us in one hand as he **stomped** toward his Colossal Castle.









Once we were inside that **frightening** castle, the Whopping Wizard headed to the kitchen and placed us on a **HUGe** plate.

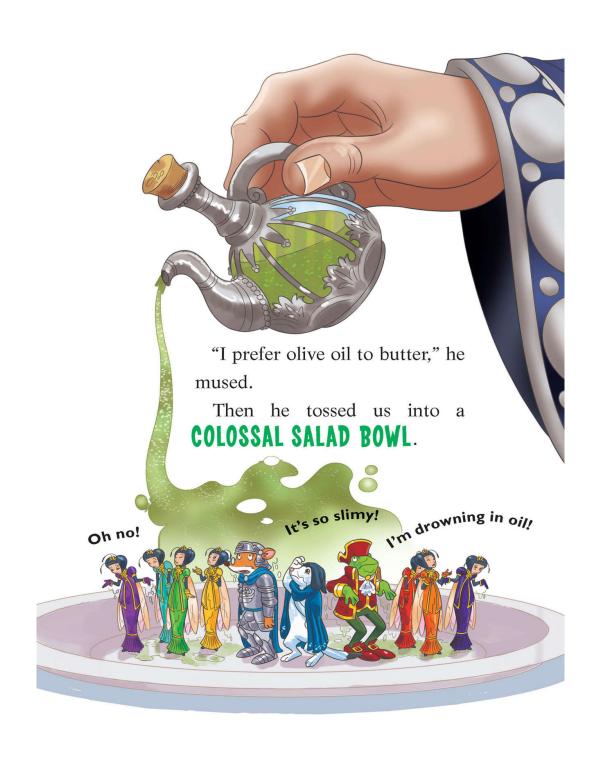
"Mmmm!" he

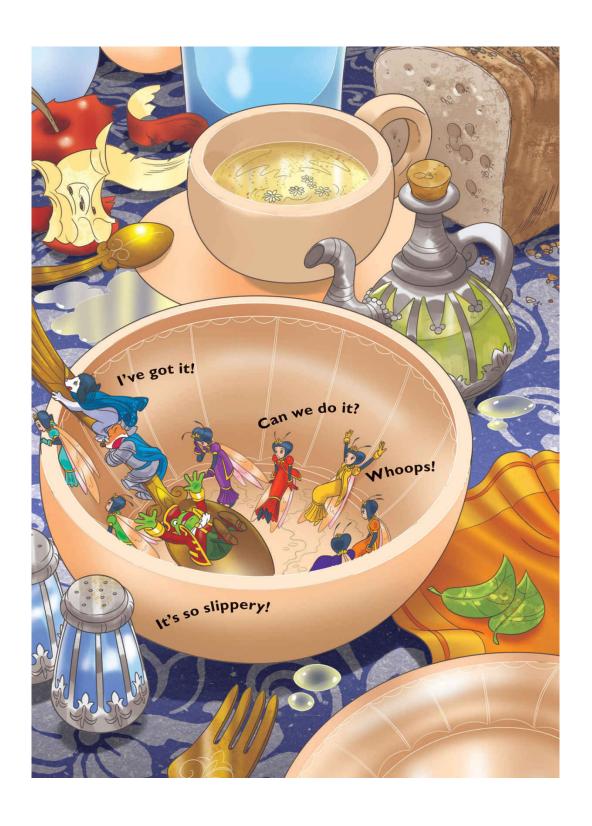
murmured. "I'll eat you all RAW, as an appetizer before dinner. Yum!"

He seasoned us with giant **Salt and pepper Shakers**. We all began to sneeze.

Then he poured some **Olive oil** on us.









"There!" he said, satisfied. "You're ready to eat! Now I'll go check on my **TREASURES** while I wait for my tea to **cool**."

With that, he **left** the room.

The Dragonfly Princesses tried to fly, but it was impossible because their wings were **soaked in oil!**

So we climbed up the **large Spoon** the wizard had left in the bowl.

After a long struggle, we were able to get out.

We quickly **BATHED** ourselves in the cup of chamomile tea to wash off the oil. Then we raced toward the door and **squeezed** under it!





On the other side of the door, we found ourselves in an **ENORMOUSE** room with an extremely high ceiling. It was very, very **DARK**.

It was the Whopping Wizard's bedroom!

In the corner was a **COLOSSAL** four-poster bed. The Whopping Wizard was lying there, snoring loudly. He must have decided to take a quick **NQP** before dinner!

We looked around the room and saw something in the corner near the gigantic window. It *parkled and SHINED in the light of the moon.

It was a **gold throne!**The wizard had built it using the treasure of the Golden Gnomes!

A **colossal crown** encrusted with the **EGG OF FIRE** was sitting on the throne! It was perched on an oversized, overstuffed velvet cushion.

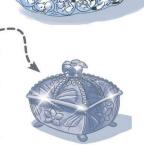
And an **immense** wire net full of snoring **Blue Weasels** was right next to the throne!

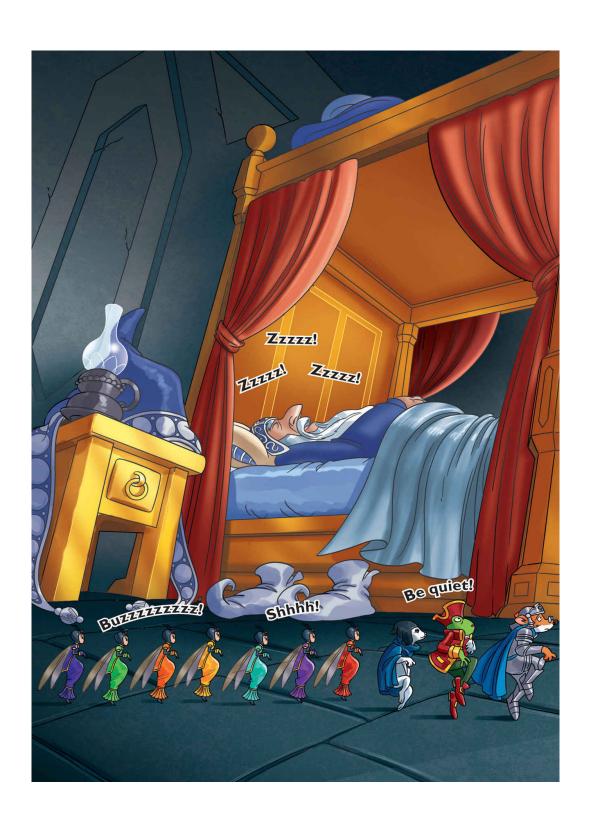
Finally, the *silver coffer* was on the floor right in front of the gigantic golden chair. I tiptoed over and peeked inside . . .

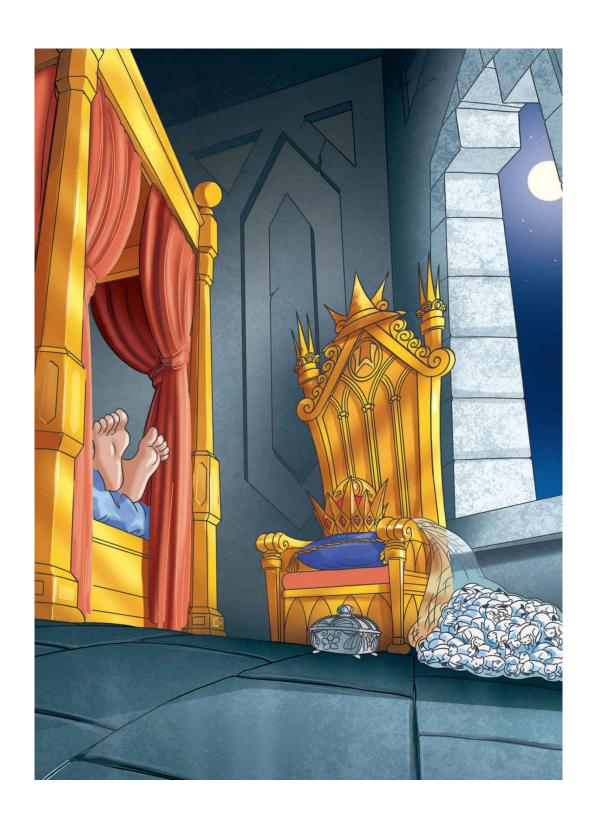
It was full of a **sweet-smelling** gold powder. It was the Vanilla Fairies'











famouse magic vanilla pust!

"Psst! Knight!" the dragonflies whispered. "What do we do NOW?"

"We need a plan!" Scribblehopper croaked.

"Come on, Knight! **Let's go!** Come up with a plan, a plan, a plan!"

He snapped his fingers at me: Snap! Snap! Snap! I tried to THINK, but Scribblehopper's snapping was so distracting!

"Please, be quiet!" I whispered. "I need to CONCENTRATE to come up with a plan!"



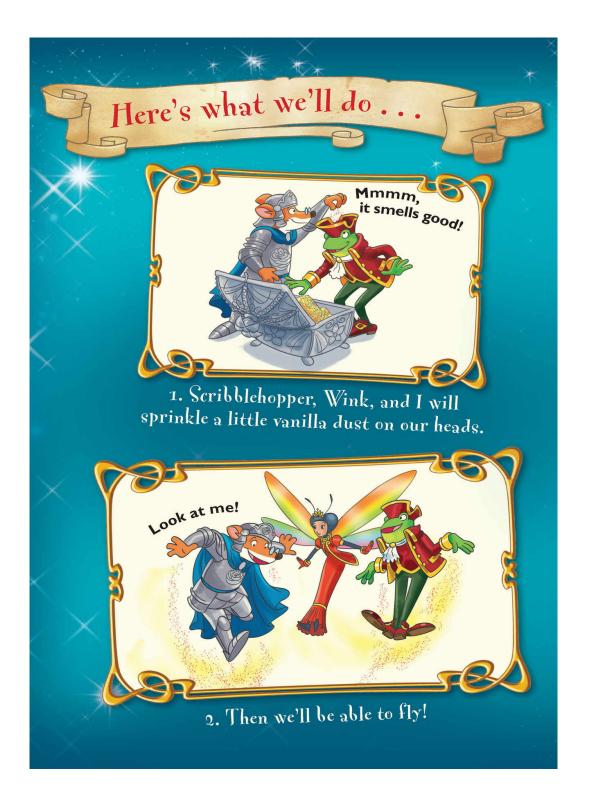
I looked around the room, trying to think of something.

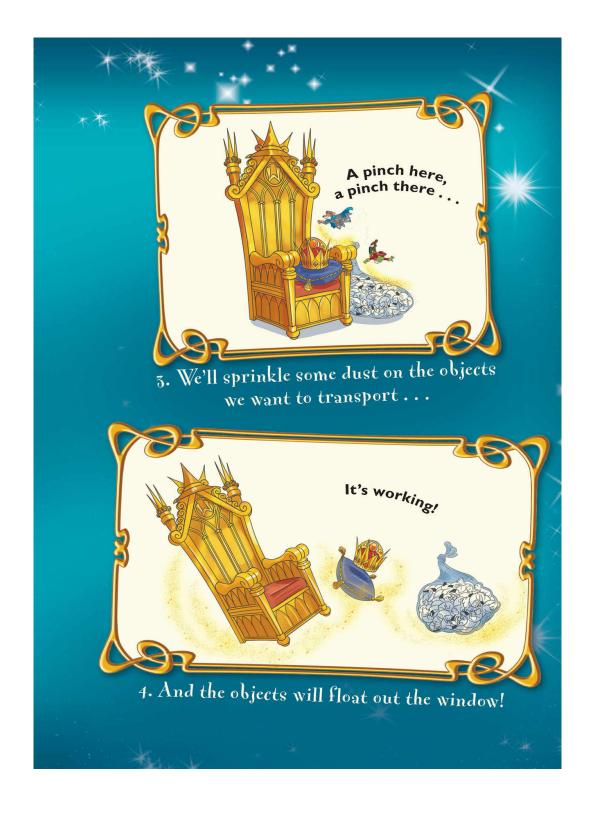
The stolen objects were all very **Large** and **heavy**. If we tried to move something, it would be **N°i5Y**. We might wake the Whopping Wizard!

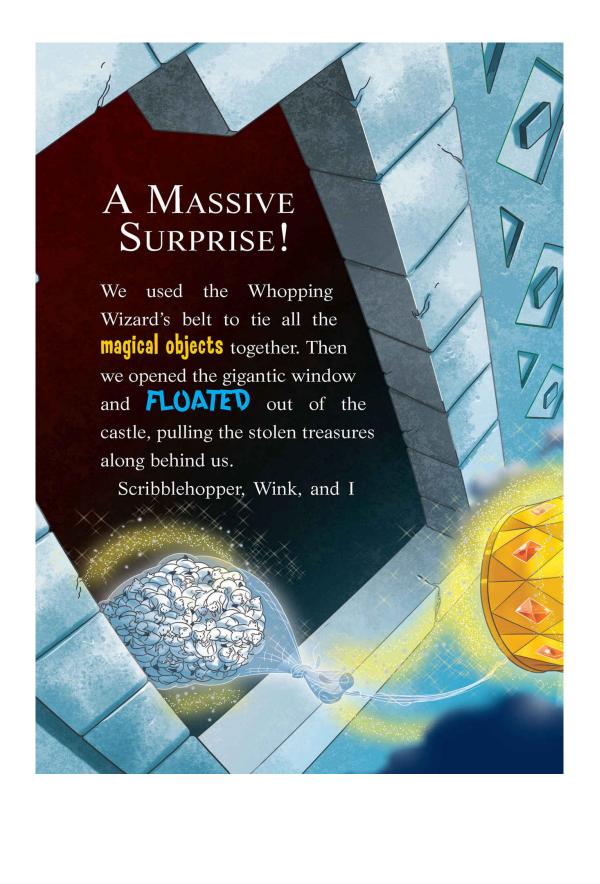
I looked from the **throne** to the **Crown** to the **weasels** to the silver coffer full of **vanilla pust**. Hmmm. The **vanilla pust**...

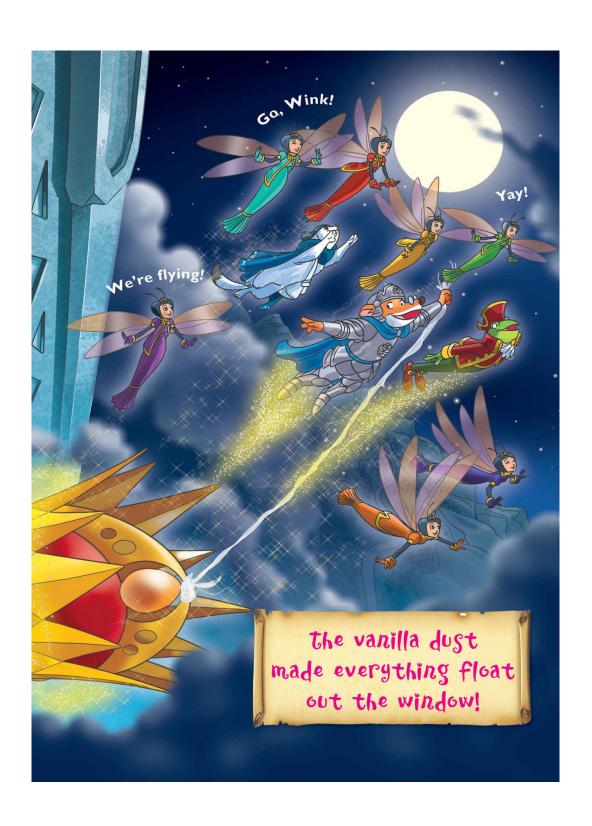
I brightened as a brilliant idea came to me. We could use a pinch of vanilla dust to make the throne, the crown, the net full of weasels, and the silver coffer all **float** quietly into the air and **out** the wife will. Then we could transport the objects through the Kingdom of Fantasy and back to Queen Blossom!

My friends really liked my plan.









floated in the air next to the flying dragonflies. We waved our arms as if they were wings, flying HIGHER and HIGHER.

Suddenly, there was a loud CLUNK!

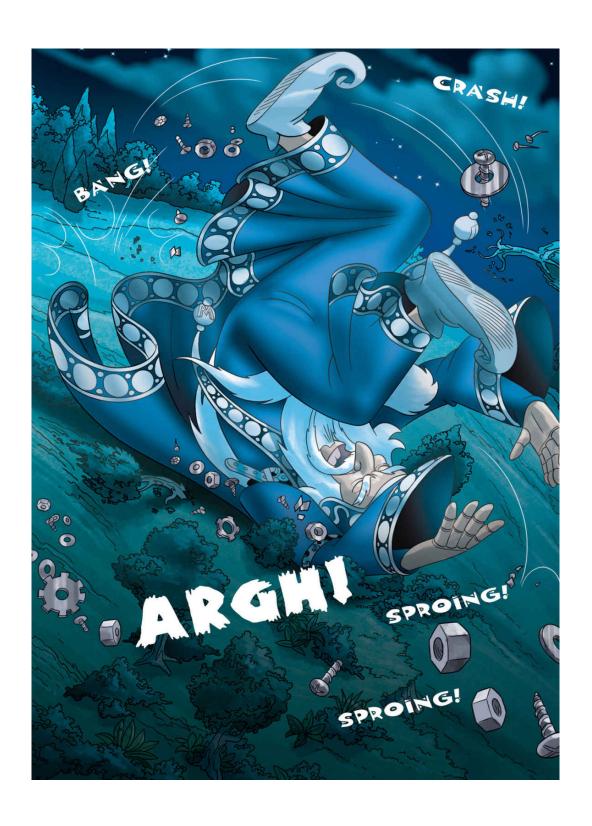
The throne had **SLammeD** into the edge of the window, waking the Whopping Wizard. Colossal cannonballs!

"COLOSSAL CANNONBALLS!"

he shouted. "They're getting away with my precious treasures!"

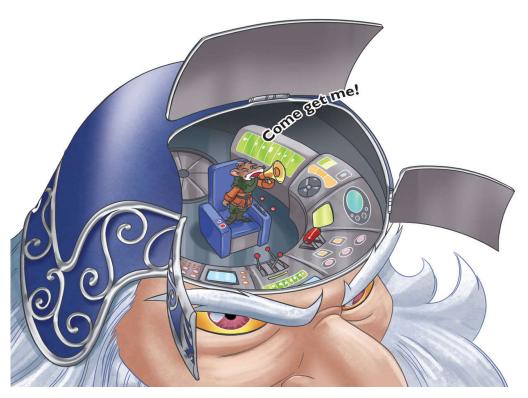
He dashed out of the COLOSSAL CASTLE and

ran after us. But his huge feet tripped over some huge trees, and he fell down with a COLOSSAL CRASH! He began to



down a massive hill. But as he rolled, something amazing happened: He began to fall apart!

First his **foot** fell off, then an **ARM**, and a **shoulder**. There were **wheels** and **gears** and **screws** and **Bolts** and **pistons** everywhere! The Whopping Wizard was really a giant robot!



But who was controlling the colossal robot?

THE ANSWER WAS A MASSIVE SURPRISE!

As the wizard tumbled down the hill, a MINUSCULE door in the wizard's giant head POPPED open. Inside was a tiny mouse squeaking THREATENINGLY into a megaphone:

"This isn't the end, you little pests!

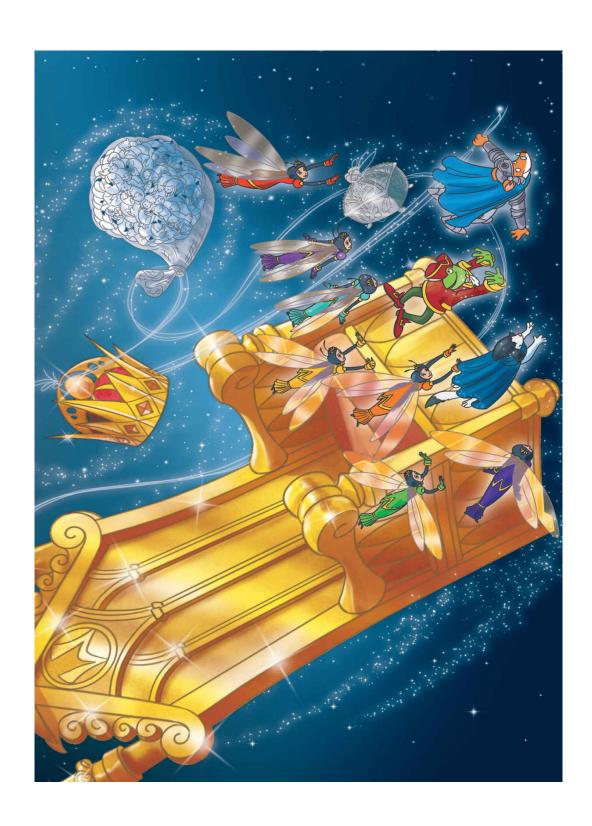
I'll be back, oh yes! I'll make you pay for **stealing** my treasures! If it weren't for you all, I would still be the **WHOPPING WIZARD**.

Now I've lost **everything**. What's worse, now everyone knows I'm not a great and powerful wizard but a tiny mouse! But don't worry, I'll get my **REVENGE**, or my name isn't **SPITFIRE THE PIRATE!**"

Then he turned toward the sky.

"Captain Shorttail and the **Pirates of**the **Ship of Secrets**!" he shouted into his



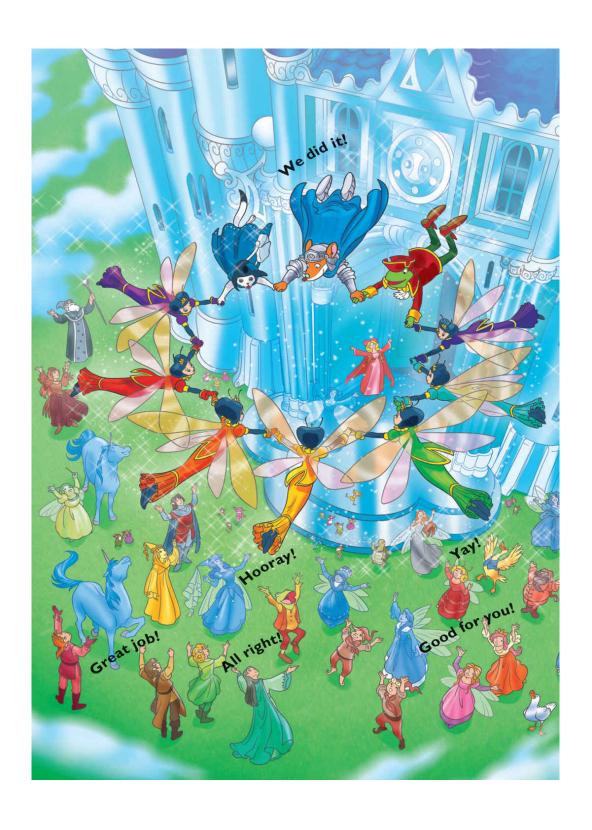


megaphone. "Come rescue me, you fools!"

A moment later we smelled the disgusting stench of rotten algae and filthy fish bones as the **Ship of Secrets** appeared above us in the sky.

Captain Shorttail and his crew used their **ANCHOR** to rescue **Spitfire**. Then they flew off in the opposite direction as we **joined hands** and flew together toward Queen Blossom and the Kingdom of the Fairies!

When we arrived at CRYSTAL CASTLE, the fairies waiting there cheered loudly. What a wonderful happy ending to our INCREDIBLE ADVENTURE!





Long Live King Goldheart!

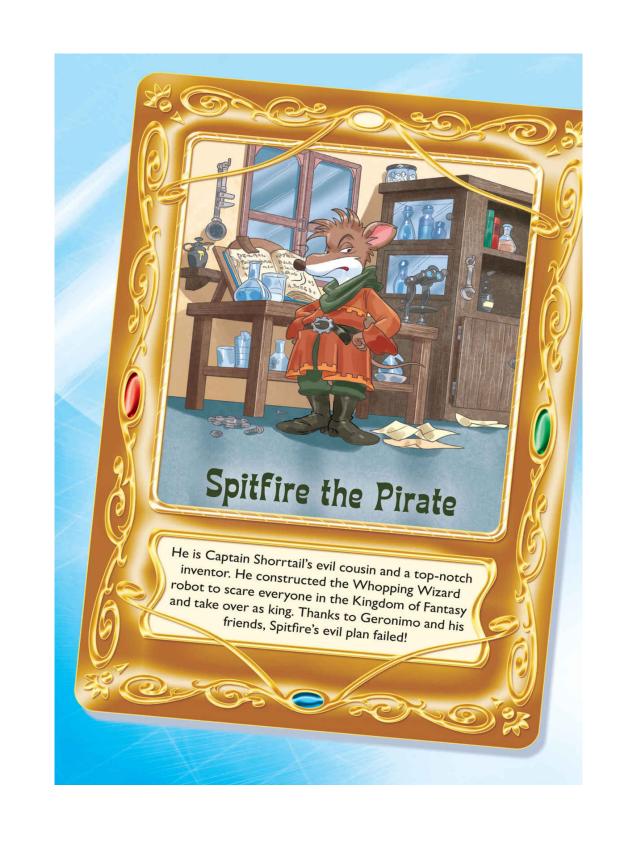
As we hovered over Crystal Castle, I saw **Discon Blossom** and her dear friend **Sweet Melinda** walking together.

We landed in front of them and placed the treasures we had retrieved at Blossom's feet. The Blue Weasels scrambled out of the net.

"Yay, we're free!" they shouted with glee.

"Here are the stolen TREAGURES, my queen!" I said. "I'm happy to report that the Whopping Wizard is no longer a danger. He wasn't even a real wizard! He was a SMALL, surly mouse operating a COLOSSAL robot! He said his name was Spitfire the Pirate. Do you know him?"

Blossom nodded. "Unfortunately, I do," she said. "He may be **small**, but he's **big trouble**!"



Then Blossom smiled. She had a big **surprise** for me!

"Knight, this was your **tenth Mission** in the Kingdom of Fantasy, and you completed it **successfully**," she said, smiling. "As a reward, I would like to create a new **KINGDOM** for you. I know you will be an excellent leader because you are **good** and **fust**!"

"That might be true, Queen, but you should know about all the mistales the knight made!" Scribblehopper blurted out.

I turned as red as a TOMATO.

"Well, we all make **mistakes**," Blossom replied kindly. "It's how we correct them that matters! Knight, what do you say we call you **King Goldheart** of the **Xingdom** of **Benerous Hearts**?"

"That would be **wonderful**, Your Majesty!"
I squeaked happily. "Thank you!"

Blossom tapped my head with her reagic wand. Then she sang sweetly:

"Fairies, sound the magic horn,
For today a new land is born.

A place for creatures good and kind,
Those brave in both heart and mind.
The king's a very worthy knight,
A mouse who's daring, bold, and bright!
Make his crown gold like his name,
King Goldheart, I wish you luck and fame!"



"Hip, hip, hooray!" everyone yelled in unison.
"Long live **King Goldheart** of the **Xingdom of Generous Hearts!**"

A fairy handed me a GOLD RING carved with the symbol of the king! I also received a flag with the Goldheart family crest and motto. It read: Those who give things levingly give twice as much!

I was so moved a tear **folled** down my snout.

"Congratulations, Your Majesty," she said. "You earned this honor for your Courage: It's thanks to you that my kingdom and I are **SAFE!** You and I will always be friends, and our kingdoms will **FOREVER** be allies."

She and Queen Blossom both smiled at me. I felt **humbled** to receive such a great honor from two **VERY DEAR FRIENDS!**

"Queen Blossom, thank you," I said. "I hope I'll make you proud as king! But what will happen

Mouse City? Sooner or later, I must return to my friends and family there!"

Scribblehopper coughed.

"Knight, if you would entrust me with your kingdom, I could be **Viceroy**," he said hesitantly. "I will act as **KING** instead of you whenever you can't be there."

"That's a great idea, Scribblehopper!" I replied.

"Of course you can be viceroy."

He began to do a little jig as he sang this song:

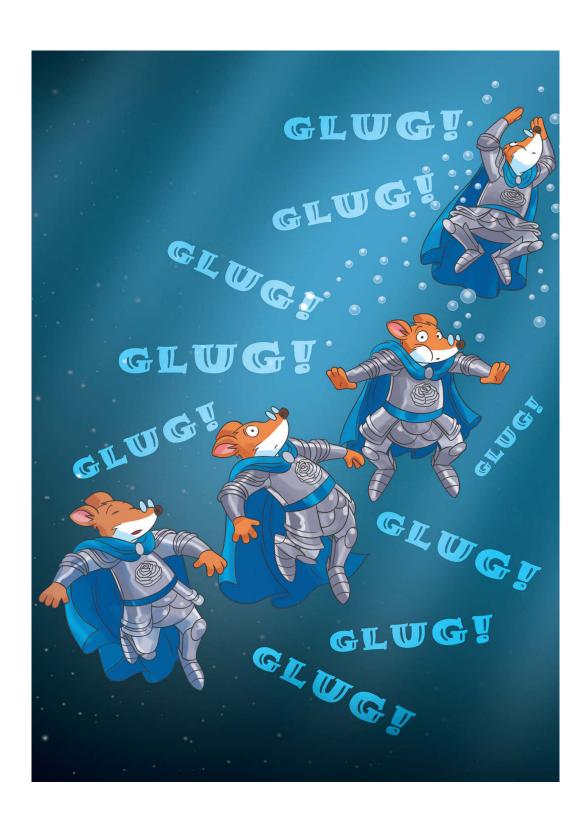
"Hooray, hooray, do a happy dance, It's time to sing and twirl and prance! My heart is full of love and joy,
I'm going to be viceroy!
With my friends, I'll celebrate,
This little twist of froggy fate.
Oh, I'm feeling such great bliss,
Sir Knight, let me give you a kiss!"

Scribblehopper leaned forward to place a **smooth** on my snout just as I **kicked up** my paws in a cheerful dance move. I lost my balance and slipped, **TUMBLING** into the fountain behind me.

"Ahhhh!" I yelled. "My crown!"
I fell **down** . . .
and **down** . . .
and **down** through the water.



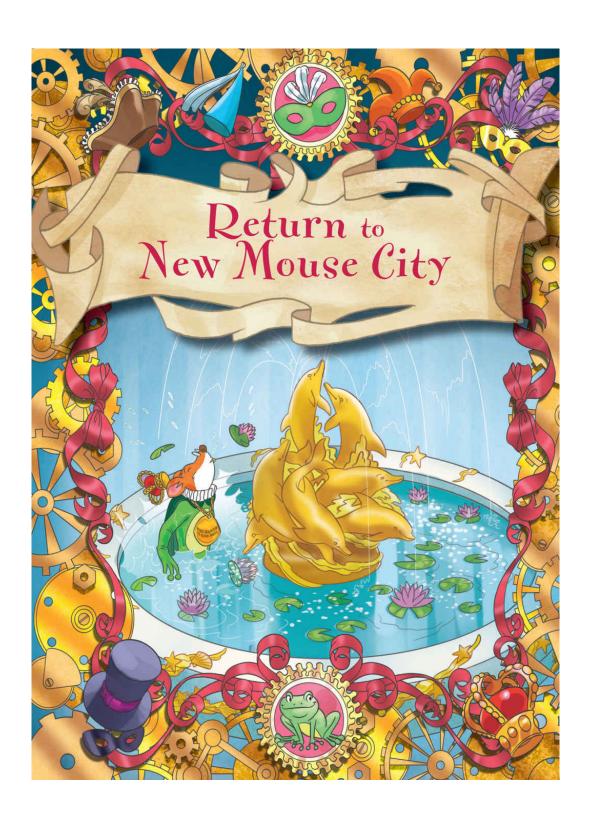




And then I began floating **up** . . . and **up** . . . and **up**!

I was returning home to . . .

New Mouse City!





No More Kisses!

"My crown!" I squeaked. "Give me back MY CROWN!"

I heard a female mouse giggle.

"Don't worry, Geronimo," she said. "Here's your crown!"

A second later, someone plunked a crown on my head. I reached up to touch it, but I realized right away that it wasn't the Delicated Rown Queen Blossom had given me in the Kingdom of Fantasy. No, this was the Free fake crown, straight from Felicia Fashionfur's costume shop, Masks for Mice. And the voice was coming from my date for the Grand Masked Ball, CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR!

"Oh, my frog prince, I like you with or without a crown!" Creepella shouted. Then she reached for my paw and **kissed** it.

"Enough, please!" I squeaked desperately. "No more kisses!"

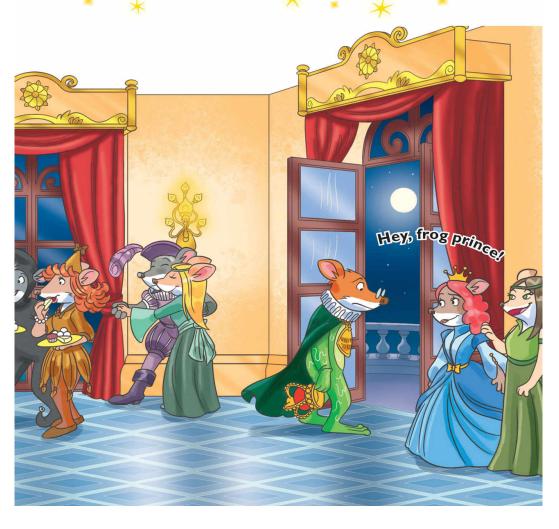
I jumped to my paws and climbed out of the fountain, still **groggy**. I looked around and realized I really was back in **New Mouse City**.



Yes, I was at Goldenfur Castle in New Mouse City, and I was surrounded by a crowd of guests at the *Grand Masked Ball*. We were all dressed in costumes — there were fairies, **WITCHES**, knights, **gnomes**, and pixies all around me . . .



* But I was no longer in * the Kingdom of Fantasy!* *



How I remember ..

I touched my sore **head** again, remembering what had happened:

CREEPELLA swung her purse

at me . . .

As I dodged her, I slipped and fell into **Goldenfur Castle's** Water lily Fountain.

And then I hit my head

and **fainted**!

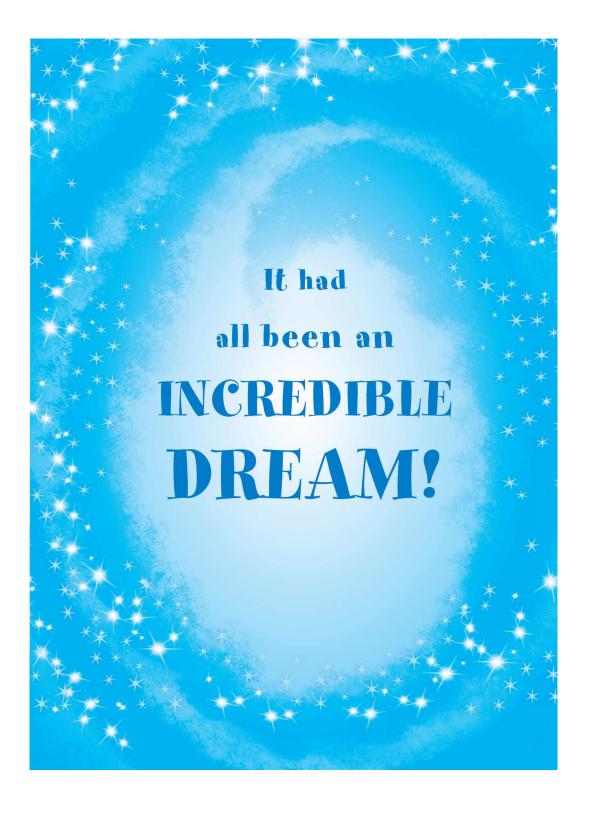
I **DREAMED**

that I was in the magical **Kingdom of**

Fantasy, where I was the hero in a fabumouse ADVENTURE!







Wonderful New Mouse City!

I excused myself from the crowd of party guests and went out onto the terrace. There, I BREATHED in the fresh night air under the light of an enormouse full moon. I gazed out over my beloved home on Mouse Island, taking in the rolling hills, tall buildings, and the sea beyond.

OH, HOW I LOVED THE WONDERFUL NEW MOUSE CITY!

And yet, for a second, I was filled with **nostalgia** as I remembered my many journeys through the **mythical** Kingdom of Fantasy. I couldn't believe this had been my **tenth** adventure! It was one of the **best** ones



yet: I had been given my very own kingdom, where I was **CROWNED** king!

Even if it had been just a **DREAM**, I reminded myself that it's what's in the **Heart** that counts. And in my

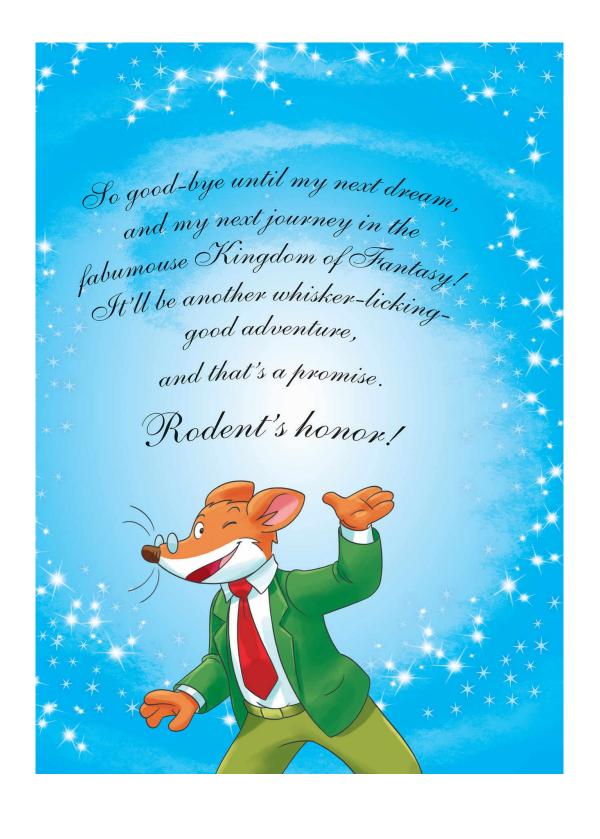
Heart, I always enjoy helping Queen Blossom and all of the fascinating creatures I meet in the Kingdom of Fantasy! I figured I might as well the moment. Who knew if I would ever return to that wonderful place again? Who knew if the Kingdom of Generous Hearts was there awaiting my return? Who knew if Scribblehopper was doing his JOB as King Goldheart's viceroy?

a tear ran down my shout.

Maybe my friends in the Kingdom of Fantasy had already *forgotten* me! Well, even if they

had, I would **NEVER** forget them. Every memory, every feeling, and every emotion I had experienced in the Kingdom of Fantasy would forever be **iMPPINTED ON MY HEAPT!** I would never forget anything about my incredible adventure.





FANTASIAN ALPHABET



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been

running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



Don't miss
any of my
adventures in
the Kingdom of
Fantasy!



THE KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE QUEST FOR PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE SEARCH FOR TREASURE: THE SIXTH ADVENTURE IN THE KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE ENCHANTED
CHARMS:
THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM



THE PHOENIX
OF DESTINY:
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF



THE HOUR OF
MAGIC:
THE EIGHTH ADVENTUE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE WIZARD'S
WAND:
THE NINTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE SHIP OF SECRETS: THE TENTH ADVENTURE IN THE KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE DRAGON
OF FORTUNE:
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE



Be sure to read all my fabumouse adventures!



#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



#3 Cat and Mouse in Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



#13 The Phantom of



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



#15 The Mona Mousa Code



#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



#21 The Wild, Wild West



#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



A Christmas Tale







#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas **Toy Factory**



#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the **Gold Medal Mystery**



#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



#38 A Fabumouse **School Adventure**



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant **Diamond Robbery**



#45 Save the White Whale!



#46 The Haunted Castle











































#64 Magical Mission









The Hunt for the Hundredth Key



#66 Operation: Secret Recipe

#67 The Chocolate Chase

#65 Bollywood Burglary

